POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

THE MURDER OF MRS. THOMAS BY KATE WEBSTER.

Vol. IV.—No. 42.

"In men we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fixed, they first and last obey,
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway."

—POPE, "Moral Essays."

PART I.

THE River Thames! What fancies of wild romance or stern commercial reality does it not recall—of weird mystery or painful sorrow? Now the silver streak that flows through mead and lock—now the murky grave of some unfortunate, the freehold of the wealthy merchant, or the playground of the careless pleasure-seeker. The grim old Father Thames, whose waters flow beneath dark clouds and bright sunshine, is, and always will be, the main artery of the greatest city in the world, and the thrilling tales that this old Neptune could unfold would make volumes.

During my connection with the London Press (which has extended over fifty years) as reporter principally of inquests, it has been my duty to witness many strange and terrible scenes, and to describe numberless painful incidents which have taken place on this great, silent highway.

Perhaps amongst the hundreds of murders, suicides, and accidental drownings with which the River Thames has been connected, and the details of which have come under my notice, those that stand out with the greatest distinctness after all these years, and which created most public curiosity, were "The Waterloo Bridge Mystery," "The Battersea Mystery," and the "Barnes Mystery," and although the earliest of these took place nearly half a century ago, I was present at the inquests connected with all of them, and have a distinct recollection of the minutest details which in two out of the three were not sufficient to lead to the discovery of the perpetrators of the murders, but in that of the last-mentioned revealed and brought to justice one of the most cold-blooded deeds in the annals of crime. It is with this mystery of the Thames I propose to deal now.

Before doing so, however, it is curious to note that in all three of the above cases the murderers attempted to destroy every clue to identification by dismemberment of the corpse. This is a very common practice amongst murderers, and frequently the most ingenious and elaborate methods are employed, and they have fondly sought concealment by the distribution of the various parts of the body in different places. The most incriminating sections are the head, the hands, and the feet, and the disposal of these, which occupy small spaces, in separate parcels would seem to present little difficulty. The eminent surgeon, Dr. Lacassagne, of Lyons, has established certain general principles in the process of dismemberment, and shows that the skilled can easily be distinguished from the unskilled hand. The first uses finer weapons to separate and disarticulate; the latter only "bungles and hacks with brutal, blind force." So it is easy enough for professional men to come to a conclusion as to whether such portions of a body dismembered is the result of a crime or (as frequently suggested) the work or practical joke of some medical student.

The great French professor points out that in dismemberment there are usually six fragments or pieces; first the head, then the two lower limbs, after that the two arms, last of all the body, this sometimes in two pieces. But murderers have gone much farther, and have almost made mincemeat of the pieces, both to evade detection and to facilitate disposal. He refers to one case in which a child of five years old was murdered in France when the head alone was divided into no less than forty-three portions; another, a wife murder, when the woman was chopped up so small that there seemed no clue left; and yet identity was established beyond doubt by the colour and texture of the woman's hair, and that the left lobe of one ear had been torn in a certain fashion.

I myself have attended an inquest held upon simply a hand, and have seen parts of the body of a victim pieced together by the surgeon in a marvellous manner, so that identity could be established without a doubt.

And now, having referred to the most gruesome incident connected with "The Barnes Mystery," viz., the unskilled dismemberment of the corpus delicti, I will tell the story of the crime after my own fashion.

The discovery of the remains, the fixing of the guilt upon the perpetrator of the deed, the alleged complicity of others in the murder, the trial and execution would, I fear, in all their details as I had to report them to the papers of the day, prove irksome, so I will ask my readers to accompany me in fancy to the different scenes which I shall build up from my notes made at the time and from the many items of information which came into my possession during the unravelling of this dastardly crime.

Just four-and-twenty years ago (to be particular, at the early part of March, 1879) there resided at No. 2, Vine Cottages, Park Road, Richmond, a widow lady named Thomas. Respectably connected, she had lost two husbands, one a Mr. Murray, and her second (whose name she bore) had died in 1873. Mrs. Thomas was a lady between fifty and sixty years of age, a spare little woman, bright, active, and fair. She had only occupied the house in Park Road since the previous September, and, although she had kept lodgers for a short period, she mostly lived by herself, being occasionally visited by a young lady friend. She, having a small independence and a very good lot of furniture, making the work at Vine Cottage more than she could very well manage, was induced to engage a person who would act as companion and assist in the duties of the house.

Through the medium of an advertisement, a likely-looking woman presented herself, and, without much inquiry, was engaged. She gave the name of Kate Webster, and (there was no doubt about it as soon as she spoke) the lady hailed from the Emerald Isle. The buxom Catherine, indeed, was a typical Irishwoman of the lower caste, still not without her personal attractions. She was a fine, tall, muscular woman with dark eyes, jet black hair, and heavy eyebrows. There was not altogether an unpleasing expression upon her face, but had it not been for her embonpoint (as the French describe a lady with a

very full "neck"), Kate Webster would have been pronounced somewhat masculine in build. Mistress and servant appeared to get on very well together for a time, but they were evidently not quite suited for each other's companionship, for Mrs. Thomas had undoubtedly been well brought up and was a constant frequenter of the Presbyterian Chapel near to her residence, whilst Kate, if she professed any religion at all, was a Roman Catholic, and "had a past."

The unfortunate part of the whole affair in which this woman played such a leading rôle was that very little was known of her antecedents. That she ought to have been married but was not is certain, for she had given birth to one child at least according to her own statement later on; that she certainly had a leaning towards the sterner sex was proved during her stay with Mrs. Thomas. That Catherine also had a slight weakness for stimulants was discovered,

RIPPED THE CLOTHES FROM THE STIFFENED CORPSE.

and it was apparently upon that rock that mistress and maid commenced their differences.

But with respect to Webster's career, as already stated, little or nothing was known, although a most extraordinary circumstance transpired just before she went into service at Richmond which would point to the fact that the big Irishwoman had some experience of prison life, or, at any rate, a keen dislike to those who wore the uniform of the police or the gaol.

Just prior to going with Mrs. Thomas to live she had engaged herself as cook to a lady in the Uxbridge Road. This lady's son was appointed governor of the prison in course of construction upon Wormwood Scrubbs, and he was at the time residing with his mother. One evening returning home from the prison, he was informed that a suitable cook had been engaged, subject to satisfactory references. It so happened that the governor's warder-messenger called that same evening for the letter-bag whilst Kate Webster was negotiating with the lady of the house for the situation. No doubt the applicant was scared at the blue uniform, and, discovering the position of the master of the house, fought shy of them. In any case, she never came to take up the place that was waiting for her. The surprise of the governor when Kate Webster became such a notorious character and was recognised immediately in his would-be cook may be better imagined than described.

But to return to Vine Cottages, a few months after the engagement by Mrs. Thomas of her servant and companion Catherine.

It is a dull, windy evening of the second day of March, 1879. All is very cheerless in the quiet roads of Richmond, and few people are about. The occupant of No. 2, Park Road, however, has paid her customary visit to the chapel, and coming home, the bright little old lady is recognised by some neighbours and acquaintances, who bid her good night, and remark upon the unpleasantness of the weather. She returns to her residence, the parlour is lighted by lamp and fire, and the old lady takes her usual evening's repast by herself, for Kate is absent from home, and she is long past her time. The Irishwoman's movements, however, have been very irregular for some time past, and Mrs. Thomas has made up her mind that notice shall be given to her unless her conduct alters, for on several occasions she has returned excited with having taken more to drink than she could disguise, and a man's voice has been heard outside wishing her good-bye. On this particular evening the mistress of the house has prepared to retire, having come to the conclusion that Webster would not return that night. Just as she is going upstairs, however, a loud knock comes to the door, and, on looking from her bedroom window, Mrs. Thomas discovers that it is her servant, and opens the door.

All these incidents are observed by a young girl, who is a maid-servant at one of the neighbouring houses, and who is just saying good night to her "young man," an operation which, as is customary in most such cases, takes

a considerable time. The door is closed at No. 2, lights appear in the parlour, and angry voices are heard from within. There is nothing unusual in all this, and it is not until long after the tragedy has come to light that these little incidents are remembered. This was the last time the bright little lady of Vine Cottages was seen.

But what happens within that peaceful little abode on that memorable night? We must raise the curtain, and look behind the scenes, and gaze upon the horrible work done by this fiend in woman's disguise, and we shall miss nothing, for the whole tragedy was revealed in all its ghastly details by the evidence given and ad-

Observed to Leave the House.

missions made by the culprit. So we can picture the scene in all its truthful details.

"Kate, I am ashamed of you," remarked Mrs. Thomas. "These hours are disgraceful, and the company you keep, I feel confident, is no good, or you would not come home in this half-intoxicated condition."

Then, as the Irishwoman mutters insolently something about "minding her own business," Mrs. Thomas tells her plainly that she must leave her house on the morrow.

There is a fiendish expression comes over Kate Webster's face; her dark eyes flash beneath her great black, bushy eyebrows, and she scowls at her mistress. So awful is the look of the woman that Mrs. Thomas, for the first time, feels terrified. The glare of the half-drunken, spiteful creature acts like the glistening eye of the cobra upon the rabbit when about to strike its prey. It paralyses. The little woman retreats to the back kitchen, followed by the Irish demon, who (as if all had been premeditated) snatches up a small meat-chopper from the table, and, as quick as lightning, brings it down crash upon her mistress's head. With a thud she falls upon the stone floor of the wash-house. So suddenly has the blow been dealt that not even a shriek or a groan has escaped.

The murderess, herself hardly realising what she has done, kneels beside her victim with the candle. It needs no further examination to convince her that her mistress is dead. The blow has cleft the skull, and the brain protrudes.

But there is no sign of remorse or fear at the perpetration of the deed. Coolly Kate Webster watches that night by the side of the corpse for hours, as if she were in attendance at a "wake" in her own country, and it is not until past midnight that the lights are extinguished and doors are heard to be fastened by the people residing next door. All then is silent in this house of the dead.

Nobody but one being knew of this crime, or suspected for a moment that such a diabolical outrage had been committed within the walls of the little cottage. That one, too, exhibited such nerve that those who saw her next day (and there were several callers) would never have dreamed for a moment that her hands were red with the blood of her mistress.

But she had not been idle, and had played her part through the second act of the tragedy with the same sang-froid that she exhibited all through the dreadful business. Let us again look into No. 2, Vine Cottages on the morning of March 3.

The windows are open and the blinds are pulled up, Kate Webster is about betimes, and is busy, apparently, with the usual household duties. She is blithely singing one of her Irish love-songs as she hangs out some freshly-washed garments upon the clothes lines in the back garden, and the scrubbing-brush is being busily used upon the floors. It is noticed that the copper fire in the back kitchen has been lit at an unusually early hour, for the walls dividing the two houses are not very solid, and the poking and raking of the fire goes on continuously, whilst the steam from the boiling water makes its way in volumes through window and doorway. Kate is very busy this morning, but, intermixed with her scrubbing and washing, there is work to perform of a most uncannie kind. It is almost too terrible for us to picture. At daybreak the fiend has descended to the scene of her crime, and with scissors and knife has ripped the clothes from the stiffened corpse of her dead mistress, and that which is much bloodstained is poked into the copper fire and roars up the chimney. As bit by bit of the evidence of the deed is consumed, the creature works with redoubled energy. She has evidently throughout the night determined upon her plan of campaign, for the body, once denuded, is subjected to dismemberment; but here the fiend soon finds how difficult such an operation is in the hands of the unskilful. Her work is that of one who "bungles and hacks with brutal force," to use the words of Dr. Lacassagne; but her muscular strength, her fiendish determination, and the assistance of chopper and saw serve her to accomplish the fearful operation.

That small back kitchen on the morning of March 2, 1879, might well be taken for the annexe of a slaughter-house or the corner of a dissecting-room at some hospital. Yet this woman toils on unceasingly. But to follow her too minutely would be sickening. We have seen enough and must turn our heads away as the fiend wedges some of the bones into the copper fire and casts other parts into the boiling water. All her efforts and the enormous energy she displays, however, are insufficient for her to dispose of but a fraction of the body by means of fire, and she knows that with the appliances at her disposal she cannot remove all traces of her crime within the four walls of the cottage.

It is an extraordinary fact that the greatest difficulty has always been found in disposing of murdered remains by the action of fire, for little short of the arrangements for cremation with the terrific heat will suffice. In fact, it is surprisingly difficult to get rid of a corpse by combustion. Dr. Chevers, an eminent medico-legist, who practised for a long period in India, gives figures to show the enormous amount of fuel required to consume an adult body entirely. He describes a funeral pyre at Patana, where 1,600lbs. of wood, as well as two large bottles of oil were used, and the combustion lasted for eight hours and a-half without completely destroying the remains.

What chance had Kate Webster, then, with but her small copper furnace? That she really consumed no member of the body actually was in due course discovered, for the calcined bones of portions of the limbs of her victim were found beneath the copper furnace long after the murder.

which seemed to be fairly weighted. She was playing one of her trump cards, and the marvellous manner in which the woman thought out all her actions after the murder was astounding to those who followed the case.

Her destination on the morning of the 4th of March was Hammersmith, and, arrived there, she made direct to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Porter, acquaintances she had made some few years previously whilst residing in that neighbourhood. They welcomed her as an old friend, and were delighted to hear her story of her improved position in life. With a jaunty air and her face beaming with smiles Kate told her old friends of the good fortune that had befallen her since they had last met. She went into all the particulars of her married life, saying that she had been the happiest woman on earth, that she had only eighteen months previously become a widow, that her husband had left her comfortably off, and that it was her intention to return to Ireland, as she felt so dull now that she was left without relations or friends. She declared

THEY ENTERED AND TOOK REFRESHMENTS.

Still, this determined Irishwoman worked at her fearful task all day long, during which several tradesmen called, and described Kate as having answered the door, wiping her hands upon her apron, and appearing as unconcerned as if nothing out of the ordinary had transpired. Groceries, bread, meat, and other articles, were delivered, and not the slightest suspicion was aroused. Some of the callers, however, inquired for Mrs. Thomas, but Webster readily answered them, saying that her mistress was very unwell, and, consequently, confined to her bed. This she told to a Miss Ives on more than one occasion, that lady being the next door neighbour, and from whom Mrs. Thomas had taken the cottage. It afterwards transpired that some rent was owing, but of this Kate Webster was undoubtedly ignorant, or she never would have acted in the manner she did, as we shall presently see.

That the Irishwoman was determined that the grass should not grow under her feet was certain, for on the morning of the 4th of March, but two days after the murder, she was observed to leave the house smartly dressed. In her hand she carried an ordinary black bag,

that she had been endeavouring to discover the address of the Porters ever since her husband's death, and that now she had found them out she hoped to see them at her residence in Richmond before she gave up her house. She produced an envelope with her address, "Mrs. Thomas, 2, Vine Cottages, Park Road, Richmond," and behaved most generously to her old friends, sending out for refreshments and being very free with her money. Although she showed a restlessness during her visit, she chatted very freely and expressed her desire to see Mr. Porter and the son, who had grown to a lad of some sixteen years of age and who was away at business with his father. She told her friend Mrs. Porter that as it was her intention to leave London it would be necessary for her to sell up her nice little home at a sacrifice, for it was, although small, furnished substantially, and should fetch at least a hundred pounds. Perhaps her husband might find a purchaser, Kate suggested, when she would behave generously towards her old friends the Porters.

And so the afternoon passed pleasantly enough away at Hammersmith, only just a little anxiety being exhibited on

the part of Kate as to the bag, which she declined to allow out of her sight, explaining that it contained some important documents and a few articles which it was her intention to leave with some friends on the way home.

Plied Him with Glasses of Rum.

Mr. Porter returned home early, and his son, a lad of sixteen, with him. They were delighted to hear of their friend Kate's good fortune, and Porter declared that he knew the very man who would be likely to purchase the furniture, and promised to see about the matter at once. This seemed to delight the Irishwoman very much, especially as an arrangement was come to that the proposed purchaser of the property should call at Vine Cottages during the next few days.

The gentleman who Porter told Webster was likely to purchase the goods was a publican, an acquaintance of his, who kept a house known as the "Rising Sun." He was a fair-haired man, of about five-and-thirty years of age, and was destined to play a very prominent part in this sensational drama. But for his good fortune and the helping hand of Providence, he would certainly have finished in a very unpleasant position as an accomplice in the crime. But of that anon.

So interested in Kate Webster's affairs did Mr. Porter become, that he promised to help her in every possible manner, and when she left his house he and his son volunteered to see her to the station, and they both took it in turns to carry the mysterious bag.

Little did they know what it contained. It was closely packed with portions of the body of Mrs. Thomas, and was by no means a light burden, Mr. Porter remarking to his old friend more than once that the presents for her friends contained in the bag must be of some value considering the weight.

The Irishwoman answered the remarks with a laugh, and they continued their walk until arriving at the Oxford and Cambridge Tavern, near Hammersmith Bridge, when at the invitation of the woman they entered and took refreshments. And here, to the ordinary intelligent, or at least suspicious person, the behaviour of Webster must have seemed strange. As if she had suddenly remembered an appointment, she told her companions (father and son) that she had to meet her friend on the Barnes side of the bridge. Would they wait for her until her return? She would not detain them long, and she might want the further assistance of the lad. To this they agreed.

True to her promise, the woman was not long absent. Indeed, the Porters were surprised at the short space of time that had elapsed, and could hardly believe that Webster had been able to cross the bridge and meet her friend. Subsequent events proved that she did not. Nevertheless, she returned without the bag, and with an ever-ready excuse, told the Porters that she had fortunately met her friend and had delivered the present.

In the most cheerful manner possible, she told Mr. Porter that, as it was early, she would like his son to come over to Richmond with her, as she was sending a few things off by train, and that he might greatly assist her.

She Allowed Young Porter to Shoulder the Box.

This was agreed to, and the elder Porter, again promising to act immediately with respect to the goods, bade her "good night," and left Kate with his son to make their way to Richmond.

The coolness and nerve of this woman must have been marvellous. Here she had left the house uncared for, knowing that some of the neighbours were under the impression that her mistress was ill and confined to her bed. How was she to know whether some of them would not be inquisitive enough to knock, and then her lie (if not the murder) would be at once detected. No; she was either getting callous or had resolved to brave everything in her determination to wipe out all traces of her guilt, and she knew that the only way to do so was to dispose of the remains of her mistress as speedily as possible.

And so the lad and the woman made their way to Richmond. More than once they called in at taverns, and young Porter afterwards declared that Kate Webster plied him with glasses of rum, and drank freely herself. She had a double motive in this. She needed, perhaps, "Dutch courage" for herself, and she desired to lull the lad's senses by inducing him to take alcohol. But, astute as she was, the drink she had imbibed would seem to have nearly lost her her head upon this occasion. She showed an impetuosity of action that made the lad wonder if she was altogether right in her head. It was scarcely dark when they arrived at Vine Cottages, but being a dull evening in March, there was need for lights in the room. Without taking off her bonnet or resting awhile, Webster went to the back room and brought out a square box. It was about a foot only in measurement every way, and was made of wood. For its size it was very heavy, and was secured with strong cord.

She told the lad that it contained presents for other friends which she was anxious to send away before she moved her furniture, and that she had written to them saying that they were to expect the box to be sent off that evening by train, so she was anxious not to disappoint them. Would Mr. Porter help her to carry it as far as the station? Again she helped her young companion to some spirits, and gulped down half a tumblerful herself. Her hand trembled as she clutched the box, refusing assistance until they were well outside and clear of the house, she having closed the door very quietly.

Then, with a sigh of relief, she allowed young Porter to shoulder the box, and she led the way in the direction of Richmond Bridge. Here the woman's tact seemed for the moment to desert her, and she displayed the same anxiety and hurried movements that had been noticed by young Porter when she disposed of the bag earlier in the evening.

Arrived at the bridge, she made some clumsy excuse, and told the boy to hurry on to the station and wait for her there. Hardly knowing what to make of the whole affair, he carried out his instructions, little dreaming at the time how closely he had been associated with what in a few hours was to prove, for the time being, a startling Thames Mystery, which was to horrify the whole of London, and turn out to be one of the most dastardly crimes that had been perpetrated by the hand of woman.

The lad had not proceeded far, for he was in a perplexed state of mind, and walked slowly in the direction away from the bridge.

Presently he distinctly heard a splash in the river, and before he had gone much farther he was joined by the woman, minus the box. The young fellow perhaps was influenced by the spirits that he had taken, and, although he thought it strange that Kate Webster had joined him so quickly and that the box was missing, he did not at the moment connect the noise he had heard with his companion.

Little did he think that the splash he heard in the river upon that March evening sounded the "death-knell" for the woman who was beside him, and that, before another twenty-four hours had passed, the contents of that box would proclaim to the world that a foul deed had been committed.

An Account of a Murder at a lonely Inn near Manchester, and the subsequent Dramatic Capture of the Bloodthirsty Brothers.

The Brothers M'KEAND

"Such fiends are libels on the human race."
—OWEN WILLIAMS, "The Consul."

IN the old days—prior to the advent of the railway train, and when far less travelling was done in Great Britain than there is now facility for—the lonely wayside inns of this country were often the scenes of great crimes. The highroads were infested by tramps and worse, and the taverns were to such the oasis in the desert. There they begged or stole, as the fancy seized them; there they awaited the arrival and departure of the lucky traveller, possessing plenty of this world's goods, and a portion, at least, of whose provender they coveted.

The old inns on the great roads could tell strange tales, and perhaps no stranger one than that which many years ago brought the "Jolly Carters" into unenviable notoriety. This hostelry—a very modest and unpretentious one—was situated at a small place called Winton, near Worsley, which is no very great distance from Manchester, even then a great and thriving town. It was situated in a lonely spot, and was of the retiring rather than of the prominent order, standing back from the road, with fields at the rear, and no other habitation very near.

In the year 1826 this house was kept by a person named Joseph Blears, whose family consisted, besides himself, of his wife, a servant named Betty Bates, and a boy named Higgins, who was about fourteen years old, and whom Mr. Blears allowed to reside on the premises in return for such slight assistance as he was able to afford in the conduct of the house.

On Monday, May 26, 1826, Mr. Blears, the landlord, had gone into Manchester on business, leaving his wife, who was well used to the business, in charge of the house, and in the evening, about 6.30, we behold her, a plump, comfortable party of middle age, enthroned behind the bar of the little sanded-floored parlour. Trade just then happened to be very quiet, and Mrs. Blears was lamenting the absence of the usual imbibers from the village, when there entered the bar two men, strangers in the neighbourhood. One, however, immediately went away, and the other called for a glass of ale, and took a seat in the bar. Mrs. Blears, in the act of drawing the beer, had occasion to glance at this person, and then she recognised him as one Alexander M'Keand, whom she had seen on two or three previous occasions, though not in that vicinity. The ale brought, the newcomer placed it before him, but did not drink any, and remained as if waiting for someone else to arrive. In half an hour's time another man entered the bar, and although he was quite a stranger to the landlady, this person was in reality Alexander's brother, Michael M'Keand; both being healthy, powerful men, in the prime of life, and of by no means sinister aspect. They acted as if strangers to each other, and Michael called for some bread and cheese and ale. "Not a bad idea," said Alexander M'Keand, on hearing his brother give his order; "bring me some bread and cheese too, missus," and then the two men, over their rough repast, entered into some desultory conversation on immaterial subjects.

Before long Mrs. Blears left the bar to attend to some domestic matter upstairs, and on her return, entering the place without attracting their notice, she observed that the two men had shifted their seats to the sofa, and were whispering together in a rather suspicious manner. The good

woman felt some vague alarm, but she made no remark at that time, and then Michael began to ask her various questions—at what time she closed the house, who stayed in it, and where her husband was. She replied that he would be back from Manchester about eight o'clock, and the two men announced their intention to await his return, and "treat him to some of his own poison." Mrs. Blears noticed nothing that was at all ominous in their further manner, and at a quarter past eight mine host returned to his hearth and home. On this occasion he had consumed quite the habitual quantity, and, like a wise man, he refused the hospitality when first pressed to drink on his return by his guests.

But these pressed him to drink with them with such apparent cordiality that at last they prevailed, and Blears was helped to a glass of whiskey by his wife, and subsequently to a second, the M'Keands also replenishing their own glasses. Then they called for some cider, and the three men entered into a genial conversation, which was only interrupted by the fact that Mr. Blears, without warning, became overcome with the liquor he had swallowed, and lay down

noisy entry into the room, and looking up from the bedclothes, saw the intruder place his arm round the girl's waist. She struggled, and he heard her say, "Be quiet," upon which, with great force, he threw her down, and Higgins was unable to see the man's next movement. The girl cried "Murder!" and struggled to her feet; but the ruffian got her down again, and then again did something to her throat with his right hand.

Blood spurted all over the bosom of her dress, and she struggled very much, calling out that she would "mark him," but the lad was too fearfully alarmed to look at what followed, and hid his face under the clothes. The murderer heard the movement, and came towards the bed, pressing his hand upon his mouth as if to settle him also; but at that supreme moment the poor girl rose and staggered towards the door, which the villain perceiving, he instantly followed. Higgins, taking advantage of the diversion of the man's attention, sprang out of bed, passed him, jumped over the banisters, and though the former grasped at his shoulder, he eluded him, and ran out of the house in his night-clothes.

AT LAST THE TWO WERE OVERPOWERED.

on the sofa, where he at once went to sleep. He was, no doubt, very drunk; but in the light of subsequent happenings, it would appear probable that the two guests, fearing that he might perchance be a victim to insomnia, had added something to the last drink which would not fail to provide him with an admirable night's rest. In a word, Mr. Blears had been hocussed, and he slept all through the entertainment subsequently provided by the brothers, quite free of all charge. The latter gentry watched his slumbers with attentive eyes, and then saying that it was too late to get to Manchester that night, and that they were afraid of footpads, they approached Mrs. Blears on the subject of their securing accommodation for the night.

Mrs. Blears, by this time disarmed of all suspicion, replied, as for that, they were welcome to such accommodation as her own poor place could afford, and it was decided that the men should share a bed in the room in which slept young Higgins, the protégé of the somnolescent Blears. They professed to be fatigued by travelling, and asked to be conducted to their beds.

On reaching the top of the stairs, Michael made some trivial excuse to go down again, and his brother proceeded with the girl, who showed him the room in which Higgins was lying sleeping. The lad was awakened by M'Keand's somewhat

He made for a ditch, and hid himself there, but saw nothing further of the murderer.

In the meanwhile Michael M'Keand was busily engaged below. Mrs. Blears, hearing the cries of the servant upstairs, was on the point of rushing up to ascertain their cause, when M'Keand seized her and made a cut at her with a knife, which he produced from beneath his coat. She cried out, and then he seized her by the throat and drove the knife in under the left ear. He endeavoured to withdraw it, but could not, and, having pulled at it several times, the handle at length came away, and the villain darted off, leaving the blade firmly fixed in the wound. Up to this point Blears had remained quite unconscious of all that was going on, but the din now aroused him, and he started up to find his wife alive, indeed, but weltering in her blood.

The alarm was given to the neighbours, and the boy Higgins having returned, search was made, and the dead body of the poor servant was found on the landing outside the bedroom door. Attempts were made to extricate the knife from the neck of Mrs. Blears, but without success until the arrival of Mr. Garthside, a surgeon, and it was then found to be a whittle-knife and sharp pointed. It was subsequently traced to the possession of one of the murderers, who had obtained it on the morning of the crime, and had been

seen to sharpen it on the hearthstone of a Mrs. Stewart, who resided near the "Jolly Carters."

Immediate steps were taken to apprehend the ruffians. Handbills were printed and as rapidly circulated as possible, but they had got a good start, and in spite of their persons being well known, they succeeded in escaping detection for some little time, and the manner of their ultimate arrest is of deep interest.

A butcher residing at Kirkby Stephen, having got up about five in the morning, observed two men pass his house, each being fatigued and footsore, and he took particular notice of their features and their dress. About two hours after he went to a barber's shop, and while there the Kirkby Stephen constable came in with a handbill which gave a description of the missing men, and which had been sent on from Worsley. The constable read the paper aloud, and the butcher at once said that the description tallied exactly with that of two men who had passed him that morning, and who had evidently come a considerable distance on foot.

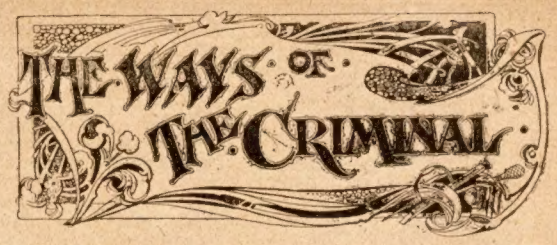
It was proposed that the suspects should be followed, and at length the constable and a publican, named Faraday, set out in pursuit of them about three hours after they had passed the shop of the butcher. They made inquiries of those they met, and learnt that the objects of their pursuit were before them, on the road to Appleby. After they had gone some miles, the horse which the publican rode became unable to proceed, and the constable suggested that they should exchange horses, and that the former should go on alone, from which it may be inferred, without seeking to disparage the courage of this village policeman, long since gathered to his fathers, that with him discretion was a great deal the better part of valour. The plucky Faraday pushed on alone, and within three miles of Appleby perceived his quarry, Alexander, the taller man, walking first, and Michael toiling along some fifty yards behind his brother. After scrutinising their persons a little, and fortifying himself with another glance at the handbill, the publican rode on to the next public-house, which was not far, where he awaited the advent of Alexander, and thus accosted that unsuspecting murderer, "Will you have a glass of ale, sir?" he said. "You seem to have walked a long way." M'Keand replied that he had, and, accepting the offer, entered the house, followed by Faraday, who immediately seized him, saying, "You are my prisoner!"

Two men, whom the publican had prepared, assisted to give the murderer a warm reception, also laying hold of him, and then Faraday went outside to apprehend Michael, who had just come up. At that moment Alexander, with a great effort, broke loose from his captors and came rushing out of the inn, but was met by the publican with a right-hander, which stretched him out, and then one of the men contrived to keep him down. As for Michael, the energetic publican seized him by the collar, when the ruffian threatened him with a stick he was carrying, whereupon the former dexterously tripped him up by the heels and threw him upon the ground. A violent struggle ensued, in which Michael M'Keand repeatedly kicked Faraday and bit him on the hand, but himself got several nasty raps from a yokel, who carried a two-pronged fork and used it to much advantage. At last the two were overpowered and, being forced into the house, they were tied together and conveyed to Appleby.

After two or three examinations, at which both prisoners appeared to be much dejected, they were committed to Lancaster Castle, and on August 17, 1826, they took their trial. The defence was to the effect that the prisoners were intoxicated and that they never contemplated murder; but the evidence was totally against this view of the affair, and being found guilty, sentence of death was immediately passed. During the Friday night and Saturday morning after the trial the condemned men were visited by the Rev. R. Rowley, the chaplain of the castle, and Michael persisted in his assertion that he had not stabbed Mrs. Blears, and that he knew nothing of his brother's murderous intentions until all was over.

On the other hand Alexander seemed really to feel his position, and to be a prey to real grief and remorse. Upon being informed of the statements of his brother, he said, "Oh! God forgive him! He is guilty, and well he knows it. It was he who stabbed Mrs. Blears below stairs, while I murdered the woman in the room, for which I hope God will forgive me!"

On the Monday they were hanged. Michael walked with a faltering step and appeared dreadfully dismayed, but his brother conducted himself with great firmness, and his lips appeared to move in silent prayer. Everything being prepared, the caps were placed over the culprits' eyes, the chaplain read a portion of the burial service, the drop fell, and the brothers M'Keand, murderers, were no more.



XXVII.—WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY AND OTHER TRICKS OF GAMBLING SHARKS.

QUITE the latest device of the professional gambler, and, for that matter, of some who are not professionals, but who, nevertheless, cheat upon every available opportunity, is a kind of wireless telegraphy.

Unlike Marconi, who in sending his signals through the air makes use of an elaborate plant, these ingenious people dispense with all machinery except that which Providence has provided them with.

From time to time unpleasant rumours, backed by more or less detail, gain currency of card scandals in high society, and it was in connection with one of these stories that the wireless telegraphy came to light.

The extraordinary run of luck of two bridge players at a recent house-party drew the attention of a close observer to their play. The suspicious one, who had watched them win heavily at every sitting, was not satisfied that all was square and above board. He first suspected that marked cards were being used, but discarded this theory when, on investigation, he found that fresh cards were used continually, and that the wrappings of the packs, which came from a well-known maker's, had not been tampered with. Then he looked for the usual appurtenances of the gambling sharp, and, failing to find then, determined to watch until he discovered the secret of this phenomenal success. It was a long time before he tumbled to the dodge, but eventually his patience was rewarded. He noticed that both the swindlers affected a nervousness when examining their "hands" which they did not possess at any other part of the game, except when one or the other was about to lead. Their "nervousness" consisted of drumming with their fingers on the cards or table. Both

Telegraphing with Cards.

players also, he noted, were rather slow in "leading," as if doubtful what card to lay on the table. It struck him that there might be method in their madness, and accordingly the next night he introduced to the card-room a young friend (studying for the army) who had taken up telegraphy as a hobby, and had become a proficient signaller. The pair took up a position close to the card-table and near one of the sus-

pected players, the telegraphist, with his ears "stretched," as the saying is, to catch every sound. The cards were dealt, and all the players in the orthodox way proceeded to sort them. Then the suspects were seized with an attack of nerves, and one of them commenced to tap on the table. It

Signalling with the Foot.

was only a short spasm, but the telegraphist's eyes lit up with interest and indignation. His quick ear had caught some messages with the Morse code, which, as all the world knows, consists of dots and dashes. The taps he had heard spelled the letters "W," "H," "D," "G," "S," "N," "C."

For a moment or two the watcher could make nothing of the letters, but a thought struck him to take a peep at the signaller's "hand." Quickly there came the clue. He saw at a glance almost that the "hand" was weak in hearts and diamonds, that there was a good lot of spades and no clubs. Meanwhile, the second suspect had sent his message, which, however, the interpreter had taken no notice of, so he again sat down to listen. Then when it came to the turn of the first of the suspects to lead, the other one rattled his fingers on the backs of his cards, and the telegraphist caught the sound of the four dots, which means the letter "H" in the Morse code, and immediately the swindler led hearts, his weakest suit, and, as it proved, his partner's strongest. That was sufficient for the watchers. A quiet hint was that night dropped to the two sharpers, and at breakfast time next morning, when their absence was remarked, it was announced that urgent business had called them back to town.

The use of the Morse code between two confidantes who understand it is, as a matter of fact, one of the most valuable tricks known to sharpers. The most common and successful method of signalling is by using the cards themselves on a pre-arranged system. Thus two men working together decide that when the cards are held in the hand those pointing to the left may be read as dots and those to the right as dashes. Now one of the sharpers has a strong suit of hearts, and wishes to tell his confederate so. He places the cards so that they show in four sections pointing to the left. Now, in the Morse code four dots represent the letter "H," and the confederate, seeing the signal, knows how to play into his partner's hand. If diamonds is the long suit, two to the left and one to the right (or two dots and a dash) indicate the letter "D." Perhaps the signaller has an ace. He signifies the same by one section pointing to the left and one to the right (dot and dash), which means the letter "A," and afterwards follows by signalling the first letter of the name of the suit. In the same way he can signal any other important card he may have in his hand.

Slight movements of the eyes and hands can be used to signal in the same manner, the dots being represented by movements to the left, and the dashes by movements in the opposite direction. Or another method is for the two sharpers to sit at the table with their feet touching, and send messages to each other by pressure of the foot.

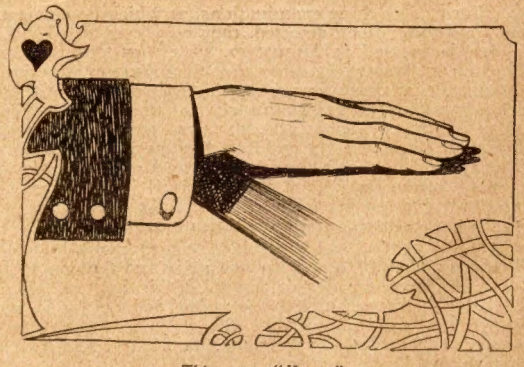
There are many other systems of telegraphy, however, which are more difficult to detect and much easier to work. One set of swindlers, it is recorded in "Sharps and Flats," had two sets of signals, one for suits and one for value. "For instance, if the player who is signalling is seen to lay his right hand open upon the table, that may serve to represent hearts; if the hand, instead of lying flat, is resting upon its side, that may mean spades; if clenched flat on the table, clubs may be signified; and, finally, if clenched and thumb upwards, that may denote diamonds. The values of the cards are no less easy to indicate. If the telegraphist looks upwards, that may mean an ace; if downwards, a king; if to the left, a queen; if straight in front of him, a knave; if to the right, a ten; with head on one side, looking upwards, a nine; ditto to the right, an eight; ditto to the left, a seven; and so on." Then, too, one confederate can indicate to his partner if the latter is about to lead what suit he wants by speaking some perfectly unsuspicious sentence, such as, "Can you give me a light?" the first letter indicating the suit wished for, *i.e.*, clubs; or, "Do you mind," etc., meaning diamonds; or, "Have you a match?" signifying hearts; or, "Spare me a cigarette," indicating spades. Or else one puff at a cigar or pipe will serve to indicate clubs; two puffs, diamonds; three, hearts; and four, spades.

Similarly the suits can be signalled by holding the cards in various positions. Practically all players hold their cards in the left hand after they have been sorted. A sharper arranges a system with his confederate, and signals the suits as follows: The left arm across the body, with the hand resting on the table—hearts; ditto, hand above the table—diamonds; left hand straight in front and on table—clubs; ditto above table—spades.

All these systems naturally are very simple, but this simplicity is the very essence of their success. It will be easy for any of our readers who fall in with card-sharpers to thwart the signalling tricks we have exposed.

Some card-swindlers, however, rely for their living not upon tricks of this kind, but upon their skilful manipulation of the cards when dealing. Men of this class are, as a matter of fact, wonderful sleight-of-hand artistes, and could easily earn a splendid and honest living by exhibiting their tricks.

Almost every card-player has heard of the trick known as "the bottom deal." A man working this system takes the opportunity when picking up the cards to deal to place at the bottom certain "leaves" which will form a good hand. Whilst shuffling, he takes particular care not to move these cards, and then, when he hands the pack to be cut, he makes sure of picking up the bottom half in games where the whole pack is not used. Where the fifty-two cards are dealt out, however, he, in order to secure those at the bottom, "makes the bridge." This consists of bending the two halves of the pack very slightly in opposite directions. The "cutter," who is not suspecting such a trick, is certain to lift the bent half, the dealer picks up both, and by a deft movement places the two halves in exactly the same position as before the cut. Then he commences his deal, and when he drops a card to himself it is always taken from the bottom of the pack, the quickness of the movement preventing the trick from being noticed. Sometimes he deals the bottom card to a confederate, an apparent stranger, which is the safer plan, for then suspicion will not fall upon him. To detect the trick, however, is comparatively easy for those with quick hearing. The card which comes from the bottom leaves the pack with a distinct click, whilst the top card makes no noise.



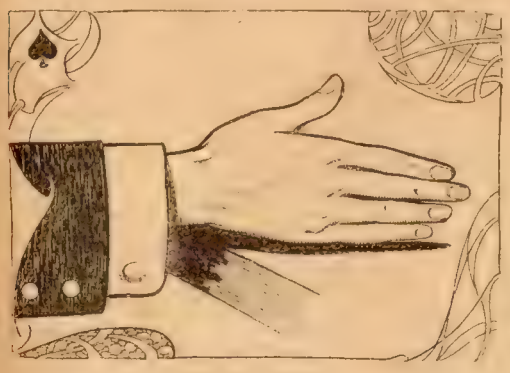
This means "Hearts."

"Dealing seconds" is another of these manipulation tricks, and is practically only resorted to when marked cards are being used. The dealer is able to see the value of the two top cards, and is able to keep which ever one he prefers for himself, or deal the most valuable to his partner. Or the sharper, if the top card happens to be an ace, can keep

it in position, dealing the second all the while, until he can drop it on to his own "hand."

Then, too, there are false shuffles, when the expert manipulator arranges the cards to suit himself and his confederate, and is able to deal good and bad hands as he pleases.

The author of "Sharps and Flats" tells the story of one of the biggest gambling frauds ever perpetrated. At the

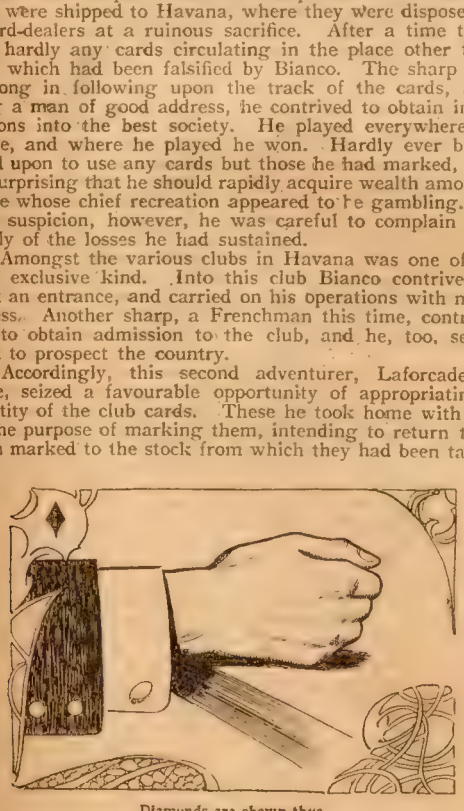


This spells "Spades."

date of the fraud Havana was the place most addicted to gambling in the world. A Spanish sharp, named Bianco, purchased in his own country a tremendous stock of playing cards, marked all the cards, and sealed them up again in their wrappers. This he did so skilfully that there was no evidence that the packs had been tampered with. Then the cards were shipped to Havana, where they were disposed of to card-dealers at a ruinous sacrifice. After a time there were hardly any cards circulating in the place other than those which had been falsified by Bianco. The sharp was not long in following upon the track of the cards, and, being a man of good address, he contrived to obtain introductions into the best society. He played everywhere, of course, and where he played he won. Hardly ever being called upon to use any cards but those he had marked, it is not surprising that he should rapidly acquire wealth amongst people whose chief recreation appeared to be gambling. To avert suspicion, however, he was careful to complain constantly of the losses he had sustained.

"Amongst the various clubs in Havana was one of the most exclusive kind. Into this club Bianco contrived to effect an entrance, and carried on his operations with much success. Another sharp, a Frenchman this time, contrived also to obtain admission to the club, and he, too, set to work to prospect the country.

"Accordingly, this second adventurer, Laforcade by name, seized a favourable opportunity of appropriating a quantity of the club cards. These he took home with him for the purpose of marking them, intending to return them when marked to the stock from which they had been taken.



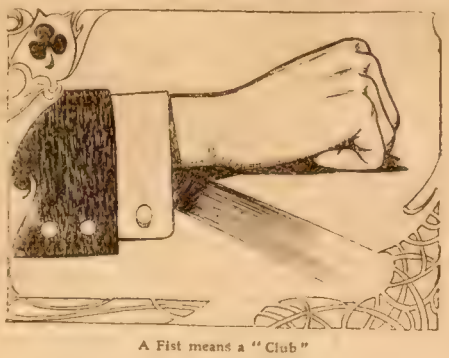
Diamonds are shown thus.

One may imagine the man's surprise upon opening the packs to find that every card had already been marked. Evidently, then, somebody had been before him, and Laforcade determined to find out who it could be. He made inquiries as to where the cards were obtained, and purchasing some at the same place found that these also were marked. In fact, every pack that he could procure had been tampered with in like manner. Here, then, was a gigantic swindle, and he determined to profit by it. He would let the other man do all the work, and he would share the profits."

Eventually, by careful watching he discovered that Bianco was the swindler, and took the opportunity of engaging his brother swindler in a quiet game of écarté whilst no other members of the club were present. The game was played and Bianco won, as a matter of course. Then, as usual, the winner asked his opponent if he was satisfied or whether he would prefer to have his revenge in another game. Much to his surprise, however, the loser coolly rested his elbows on the table and gave his adversary to understand that the entire secret of the cheerful little deception which was being practised was in his possession.

Laforcade proposed terms upon which he was willing to come to an understanding with the Spaniard. These were that Bianco should continue his system of plunder on condition that he handed over to his fellow-cheat one-half of the proceeds. These terms were agreed to, and for some time all went well with the two swindlers. Bianco ran all the risks the other had nothing to do but sit at home and receive the share of the profits.

Naturally he had no check upon Bianco, but threats of exposure always kept the profits to a high level. Eventually however, Bianco got tired of the arrangement and levanted



A Fist means a "Club"

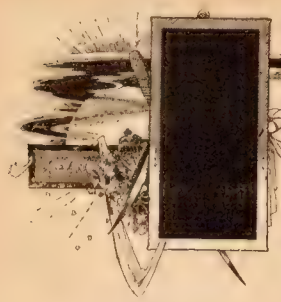
with his pile. Laforcade, however, stayed on, worked the swindle for himself, and was—detected. Fortune, however, was on his side, for nothing could be proved against him, and he was allowed to go scot free, although the whole affair of the marked cards came to light.

A Beery Defence.

At the Winter Assizes, in the year 1837, before Lord Wensleydale, one of the most dignified and gravest of judges, a man named James Fordyce was tried for attempted murder. It appeared that the prisoner had been drinking a pot of beer at a village public just outside the town, and the prosecutor, by way of a joke, attempted to take a drink, when the prisoner struck him violently on the head with the pewter pot, and his life was in danger for some time.

At the close of the speech for the prosecution the sedate and learned judge informed the prisoner that he was at liberty to address the jury, and he did so, as follows: "My lord and gentlemen of the jury, you see as how I'm what is called a peaceable man, and was taking my drink quietly, as a man should do, when up comes this 'ere prosecutor, and, says he, 'I'll have a sup of your beer.' 'No,' says I, 'you shan't.' 'I will,' says he. 'Then,' says I, 'if you touch this 'ere pot of beer, I'll smash it on your blessed head.' This 'ere man did take hold of my beer, and he got a knock on the head, but it were his own fault, as, gentlemen, why should he ha' provoked a man quietly a-drinkin' his beer? Now, my lord," addressing the judge, "I'm sure you likes a drop o' good beer, don't you, my lord? Well, then, my lord, if your lordship had a pot of beer afore you at this moment, and that 'ere chap as is a-sittin' by the side of yer" (pointing to the High Sheriff) "should say, says he, 'I'll take a sup o' your beer,' and you said to him, says you, 'If you do touch this 'ere beer, I'll punch your blessed ribs,' in course you would, my lord." (Screams of laughter.) "Now, my lord, I've been called a quarrelsome man when I've been bound over twenty-three times to keep the blessed peace!"

The jury found the prisoner guilty, the facts being elicited that he had frequently been bound over, that he had been long notorious for his violence, and had nearly killed the prosecutor. The judge sentenced him to fourteen years' transportation, and he made an unsuccessful attempt on his own life on leaving the dock.



THE TRAGEDY of PHŒNIX PARK.

1882

How the INVINCIBLES attempted to make war on Great Britain and Murdered Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

—SHAKESPEARE, "King John," Act V., Sc. 7.

CHAPTER III.

E left fifteen of the conspirators who called themselves Invincibles detained in durance in Kilmainham Gaol, pending the second inquiry before the magistrates. For reasons of common safety it was arranged that the magisterial investigations should be held in the Courthouse adjoining Kilmainham. There had been ugly rumours of rescues being effected ever since the arrest of Delaney, and it was not considered prudent to permit the accused conspirators to traverse the public streets lest their secret friends should cause a disturbance which would not terminate till it became a riot, involving loss of life. The covered passage connecting the courtroom and the gaol made protection comparatively easy.

On the second day the police showed that they were acting on definite information, for they placed in the witness-box one Bob Farrell, an Invincible, the first of the "informers."

Farrell's share in the doings of the dastardly crew was very slight, but he had a certain amount of knowledge of the parts taken by others, and thus was able to convince the public that the long months of weary waiting for the murderers of Burke and Cavendish had not been wasted. Till this man was brought forward, the prisoners in the dock were cheerful, and even joked with the prosecuting counsel, annoying Mr. Murphy, Q.C., to such a pitch that in heat he forgot the dignity of his position and exclaimed, "You will possibly be a little less merry when I have done with you!" All the same, it must be remembered that the information which Farrell gave to the police could scarcely be admitted as evidence, a fact which the more intelligent of the Invincibles were well aware of.

From the accounts in the papers of the period it seems that little progress was made, as far as the public could learn, by either the second, third, or fourth day's hearing in Kilmainham Courthouse, but though the outside world knew little, a very real advance was being made towards bringing the ringleaders of what had grown from a political murder to the dimensions of a dangerous conspiracy, to justice. Perhaps in the whole course of the history of British justice there is nothing more dramatic than the manner in which Mr. Mallon and his servants worked to gain evidence which could support in a court of law the facts which he knew well. His methods savoured more of the private inquiries common in France, and the ruse which he employed to get the prisoners to betray themselves, and to accuse their fellows, though repulsive to the general ideas of fair play, were as necessary in this case as they were effective. Mallon knew that he had ruthless enemies—traitors to their Queen and country—reptiles against whom any weapon can be employed by the sportsman to rid the world of pests, and he did not hesitate to set spies on them, to have their private conversations overheard and their feelings continually harassed by the fear of someone who could tell the whole truth turning away from their cause.

Kilmainham Courthouse

The information given by Bob Farrell enabled Mallon to lay his hands on two more of the principal offenders, namely, Fitzharris, better known as "Skin the Goat," and Thomas Caffrey, and they were placed in the dock with their fellow-murderers. The apprehension of Fitzharris was really the turning point in the case, for it was through him that the first really definite legal proof could be brought forward.

While at exercise the prisoners had been transferred from squad to squad, had been allowed to talk, believing that they were unnoticed and unheard, their fears had been gradually worked on. their confidence in each other tampered with. Still they resisted the temptation to offer Queen's evidence, and would have scorned the idea that any of their number could do so. Mallon therefore found it necessary to use stronger measures. The bulk of the prisoners, who were not really worth sending to trial, were liberated, and all energy was concentrated on the ringleaders, who, however, were allowed to rest in solitude for a day or two. Evidence must be obtained, and Mallon was convinced that he was the man to get it; the capture of "Skin the Goat" enabled him to do so.

Between Fitzharris and Myles Kavanagh, the two car-drivers who were implicated in the murder of the Secretary of State, there was a long-standing grievance brought about by some professional dispute. They were bound together in the common interests of the bloody propaganda of the Invincibles, but in personal matters they were really enemies. This came to Mallon's ears, and he decided to make one or other turn Queen's evidence.

Myles Kavanagh.

One morning both Kavanagh and Fitzharris were taken from their cells into the prison courtyard. There they found the car belonging to the former prisoner, with his own nag in it, awaiting them.

Mallon was standing in one corner of the yard, talking to a young girl, one Alice Carroll, who had caught sight of the fugitive Fenians on the dreadful night of the murder, and who had been brought to Kilmainham to see if she could identify the car and driver as the one used that day. Mallon left her by herself and walked to meet the prisoners.

"Just get up into that car, Kavanagh, and drive round a bit," was his greeting, while he commenced to enter into conversation with "Skin the Goat" on every subject but the charge which was under investigation. Kavanagh noted the two chatting, and Mallon, watching him out of the corner of his eye, thought that he might proceed a little further with safety, so he bent more closely towards Fitzharris, as if he was imparting some secret to him, and appeared to be very earnest, whereas in reality all he was saying was some pleasantry on "Skin the Goat" being able to cut a better figure on the seat of a jaunting car than Myles Kavanagh did. That touched Fitzharris's heart, and he felt sure he could do better at driving than his rival.

"Have a shot, then, Fitz," remarked Mallon, and he called to Kavanagh to descend.

Myles did so with a scowl of anger on his face. Fitzharris had been turning informer, out of spite to himself. A

glance at Mallon convinced him that this was so, for the superintendent was employed in writing down notes in his pocket-book, and he had a pleased expression on his face. Kavanagh was left to stand by himself, watching the triumph of his enemy.

Presently Mallon went up to the car, caught Fitzharris by the collar, and remarked pleasantly, "It's you're the the bhoy to drive a car. Myles is no good at all, at all"

Myles had no doubt. Fitzharris had confessed, the dirty traitor. What would not he give to be even with him! Furious at the thought of his colleague's treachery, Kavanagh returned to his cell, while Mallon went to his office to think things over a bit. He felt sure that he had touched Kavanagh's heart, or his pride, while he felt equally sure that he would never get any useful information from "Skin the Goat," who was one of the stubborn old Irishmen, dogged in his opinion, and not in the least likely to turn "informer."

When Kavanagh had been allowed to brood on the mean behaviour of his rival jarvey for an hour or so, and fully realised that if he were once placed in the witness-box Myles and the occupants of his car would stand a fair chance of the gallows, he bitterly cursed the evil fate which had not given him the first chance to save himself.

Just then Mallon entered the cell and commenced to chat to him in a friendly way, leading from the events of the day to the grave charge which was hanging over the heads of the Invincibles. "By the way," he added, "all the lot have

O'DONNELL DREW HIS REVOLVER AND SHOT CAREY IN THE THROAT.

volunteered to become approvers, to save their lives, and 'Skin the Goat' made a clean breast of the whole affair this morning."

Kavanagh had heard a portion of this story before, and

the scene in the prison yard that morning made him certain that Fitzharris had turned against his comrades. Purple with rage, he cursed "Skin the Goat," vowing to get even with him, and offering to give evidence.

At first Mallon appeared to hesitate, assuring the car driver that he had so much evidence which he could have for the mere asking now that Fitzharris had given him full particulars, while as a second witness—sufficient to hang the whole gang—he had the whole of the prisoners to choose from.

At this dreadful news Kavanagh's heart sank. Why had he not got before Fitzharris, who would now laugh at his death! Why had he not offered to give information when he had been told that all the others were ready! "For the love o' God, sorr, why won't ye take my evidence? I know all about it. I do entoirely!"

Mallon seemed to waver, and Myles renewed his entreaties. At length the clever superintendent consented to take his evidence, and if it was of any use he would be accepted as the second witness. Pens and paper could not be fetched fast enough to suit the impatience of Myles Kavanagh, and all that he knew of the tragedy in the Park was committed to writing, he signing the document. Mallon read it over again, pretended to make a note or two, and told Kavanagh that he thought he could use it and save him from the scaffold. With a thankful heart Kavanagh went back to his cell, an informer, the curse of the Irish nation, the dread of every traitor.

Mallon purred softly to himself as he wended his way to the office of the Treasury solicitor to announce the good fortune which was his.

When at the fifth hearing Mallon announced that he had some evidence to offer, and when the band in the dock noticed that their number had been reduced by one, there was great sensation among the prisoners. Carey, formerly light-hearted, and accustomed to smoke a cigar as he walked jauntily to the court, immediately became depressed, Brady scowled fiercely, Curley turned pale—all were greatly agitated. Their terror was increased when Myles Kavanagh entered the witness-box, and Mallon stated that the charge against the prisoners, which was formerly "Conspiring to murder certain Government officials and others," would be altered to one of murder against Brady, Kelley, Pat Delaney, and Tom Caffrey, while the others would be liable to be hanged as accessories.

The wretched conspirators must have felt that their doom was in a fair way towards being fixed. On the whole, however, the admissible portions of Kavanagh's evidence did not amount to very much. He told of the hasty flight from the scene of the murder, of the cleansing of the blood-stained knives, the night in the stable; but more he was unable to speak of, save that the men on his car had been the four actually charged with the perpetration of the dreadful crime. He had not positively seen who struck the blow, but Brady and Kelley had bloodstained knives.

This was all very well as far as concerned the four charged with murder, but it gave no clue to the intricate workings of the conspiracy, it did not implicate the other prisoners, and it was thought necessary to ask for a short adjournment to enable Superintendent Mallon to add to the mass of evidence by obtaining another "informer." Practically anyone of the prisoners except Brady and "Skin the Goat" could be coaxed to turn approver, but it was considered in the interests of justice to limit the choice to James Carey, Curley, and James Mullett. After much thought, and much espionage, Carey was selected as the one to be taken, for Curley was too deeply involved in the plot and in the actual murder, Mullett was known to be one of the principals in the organisation of the lower ranks of the Invincibles, while it was hoped that Carey would be best able to point out the real heads of the movement, inasmuch as he was strongly suspected of having been in actual touch with the administration.

Everyone of the prisoners, save the two mentioned, had, by conversations overheard, and most of them by offers to reveal what they knew, shown that they were connected with the Invincibles.

In obtaining information on which to work, the police found the relatives of the prisoners of the greatest assistance, and the wife of Carey was used to draw him to become Queen's evidence. The pressure which had been put on him

Kilmainham prison gate.

for so long, the feeling that the Invincibles had been betrayed on all sides, the knowledge that if he did not speak first he would be included in the holocaust, which the prisoners felt certain was to be the result of the trials, added to the entreaties of Mrs. Carey, brought James into the superinten-

dent's private room with a full account of all he knew. He showed the statement which he had prepared to the feline Mallon, but that gentleman was not at all certain that his witness had told the whole truth, and, to Carey's horror, he tore up the document with the remark, "This is ancient history, Carey. We have known all this for a long time."

Thoroughly alarmed, fearing lest Curley or one of his fellow-prisoners might supplant him, Carey hastened to amend his confession. This was accepted, but nevertheless he was placed in the dock on February 15th in company with the men he had betrayed.

What must have been his feelings as he stood there, knowing that his was the voice about to send them to a dishonoured grave or to life-long servitude? How he must have quailed when his eyes met those of Joe Brady, whose little son, his own godson, he was about to leave fatherless! Even the prosecution saw how the fair fame of justice was besmirched by the necessity which compelled them to make use of two informers of the most degraded type. Throughout the hearing, which was short, every man in the dock looked suspiciously at his neighbour, with the feeling in his heart that someone was a traitor, and most of them secretly wishing that the lot might fall on himself.

On the 18th of February the thunderbolt fell which shattered the last fragment of hope for the Invincibles. As the prisoners were being marched into the court, cowering in a back room, plied with copious draughts of brandy to infuse some species of courage into his trembling frame, was Carey. The roll of the accused was called; one was missing! A cold sweat broke out on the faces of the men, who felt that their death warrants had been signed, and that it was only a question of weeks, perhaps days, before they stood condemned to die. At that moment Carey was brought into the courtroom. As he passed the dock Brady made a lunge at him, and strove to seize him by the throat; there is little doubt that had he succeeded Carey's fate would have been a swift death, for Brady was of immense power. The quivering traitor shrank back between his guards, and walked to the witness-box, followed by imprecations and cries of "Judas!" from the men whom he had sold into the hands of the executioner. Once on the chair provided for him by the consideration of his gaolers, the informer regained his courage, and told the story of the crime as we now know it, making reference, however, to one whom he called "No. 1," and to Mr. Byrne and Walsh as the leaders of the movement. He also implicated Mr. Sheridan.

"No. 1" was a Mr. P. J. P. Tynan, to whom we have previously referred, and who, with the other three gallant gentlemen, was safely hiding abroad, leaving the men whom they had duped to face their judge without a farthing to aid in their defence. What can we say of the chivalry of these people who deserted their servants in the hour of need? What can one say of the shameful squandering of money, provided by people desirous of helping Irish distress? One can but exclaim, "God save Ireland—from such men as 'No. 1' and his 'patriots'!"

The close of the magisterial inquiry came rapidly after the production of Carey, and could have but one ending, namely, sending the prisoners to trial.

It was April the 9th when the prisoners were brought to the courthouse in Green Street, Dublin, for the opening of the Assizes at which they were to plead for their lives. First came a troop of dragoons, then, with mounted police round the prison van, followed again by more dragoons, their sabres glittering in the spring sunlight, were the Invincibles escorted to the seat of justice. It was their last triumphal progress.

The grand jury were summoned and charged by Mr. Justice O'Brien, one of the most sympathetic and just judges that has ever adorned the Irish Bench. There could be no doubt as to their duty; they had only to establish a primary case, and a true bill was speedily returned against Brady, followed by similar ones against the others on the charge sheet. They even went further, and brought true bills for accessories of the murders against Tynan, Walsh, and Sheridan, and but for the technical difficulties in the way, as well as the difficulties of obtaining extradition papers, those gentlemen would have had to follow their dupes to the scaffold.

On Wednesday, the 11th of April, almost a year from the day of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, Joseph Brady was placed to the bar to answer the charge of murder brought against him. For the first time he was alone—utterly alone—deserted by those who had led him into the terrible position he occupied, helpless, friendless. There was no money to provide him with counsel to plead for him, but the Crown appointed Dr. Webb and Mr. Adams to safeguard the interest of the unhappy man. The Irish Attorney-General represented the prosecution, and in an able speech described the whole of the facts which we are now acquainted with. He abstained from fanciful comment, save to point out how the flight of the leaders was a corroboration of the old principle that among conspirators there is never honour. The weary details of the case, the dragging from each witness just the little bit of the whole story, which all knew, that could be admitted as evidence, took a couple of days. Counsel for the prisoner did their best to break down points in the testimony of the witnesses, but it was a hopeless task, and in the end all that could be done was to try and arouse the sympathy of the jury for the unfortunate young man who had been driven to murder by the gang of men who had fled at the first suspicion of danger.

Daniel Curley.

The mere formalities of summing up and of the address by the Attorney-General took half a day, and about mid-day on Friday, April 13, the jury retired to consider their verdict. What on earth had they to consider? Never for a moment did Brady fancy that he could escape the gallows after the testimony of Myles Kavanagh at Kilmainham.

A few minutes sufficed for the formation of the opinion which all foresaw, and the jurors were seen descending the steps into their accustomed places. Brady was hurried up from the cells below the court, the judge returned to the bench. While the names of the jurymen were being called over, Joseph Brady braced himself up at the front of the dock to receive the sentence which he knew was coming. He took several deep breaths and sighed slightly, then faced the judge.

He had heard, through half deafened ears, the pronouncement of "Guilty" fall from the lips of the foreman, and through the haze which surrounded his eyes came the voice of the clerk of the court asking him if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed on him according to law. Then he called all the energy in his body to action.

Michael Fagan.

"I am not guilty!" he half hissed, half shouted, in a voice husky with passion. "I am not guilty of the charges! I have been murdered by paid informers, who have sworn falsely against me!" Then all was silence while the judge assumed the black cap.

Leaning forward in his chair, Judge O'Brien told the doomed man that the verdict was a just and right one, and that he could only look to mercy from heaven. "Again I say that I am not guilty. I am innocent!" shouted the culprit. Without more ado the judge pronounced the last sentence of the law, ordering that Joseph Brady should be hanged on Monday, May 14, 1883. The sentence, which the prisoner listened to bravely, but without any bravado, calmed him, and as he was touched on the arm by the warder to summon him below, he turned and cheerfully thanked the counsel for his efforts on his behalf.

Murderer as he was, one could not have helped feeling sorry for the young man, in the pride of his youth, who had been cajoled by clever men, duped by them, sacrificed by those who deserted him.

On Monday, April 16, Dan Curley was put upon his trial. The jury, as in the trial of Brady and all the Invincibles, had been called under penalties of £100 each if they failed to appear, and many willingly paid the money rather than have a hand in the prosecution of the Phœnix Park murderers. Fear that they might be selected as victims for future violence probably had most to do with this, though it has been stated that many of the gentry round Dublin who were openly loyal were really in sympathy with the revolutionists. In spite of this, the inflammatory organs of Ireland declared that all the juries were "packed," and that the jurors—men of the highest respectability and integrity—had received instructions how to find from the prosecution, an odious calumny which hurt nobody.

Dan Curley was rather a nice-looking man, of thirty-two years of age. He had been educated as an Irish Nationalist, and had worked hard at the propaganda of the Land League.

The same evidence which sufficed to condemn Brady did duty against Curley, and he was duly sentenced to be hanged on May 18th. As he left the dock he shouted out, "God save Ireland!"

The other trials we must deal with very briefly. Timothy Kelley was brought to the bar on the 19th of April, but the jury disagreed. He was tried again on the following day, but still the jurors could not determine whether he had a hand in the killing of Mr. Burke, though he was seen to cut the man's throat, and Kavanagh swore to his wiping blood off his hands and off a knife.

Failing to get a verdict after these two long trials, Kelley was put back, and Michael Fagan placed in the dock. His trial was exactly similar to Curley's, and he received sentence to die on the 28th of May. He addressed the court briefly, stating that he was a Fenian, and would die one.

His trial was followed by that of Caffrey, who pleaded guilty, and was cast for the scaffold, and Patrick Delaney, the first of the whole party who was arrested, also pleaded guilty, but read a long statement from the dock setting forth why the clemency of the Crown should be extended to him. He was sentenced to death, but, in view of the assistance which he had given to the police, the sentence was immediately commuted to penal servitude for life, and later reduced to ten years' durance.

"Skin the Goat" was the next occupant of the dock. He had luck, for on the capital charge he was acquitted, though he was later found guilty of conspiracy, and sent to penal servitude for life. For the third time Tim Kelley was then called upon to answer for his life. On this occasion the jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to be hanged on June 9th. It was during his trial that counsel brought evidence as to character, declaring that he was really a most respectable lad, which drew from Judge O'Brien the remark, "Respectable! Highly respectable! Of course he is respectable. The terrible thing about this dreadful conspiracy is that they are all honourable and respectable men who are indicted."

Laurence Hanlon and Joe Mullett—the hunchback—got life sentences, while Chairman Mullett escaped with ten years' penal servitude.

The five men—Brady, Curley, Caffrey, Fagan, and Kelley—knew that there was no hope for them in this life, so they set to work to prepare for the next with great vigour, assisted by the venerable chaplain of Kilmainham, who was kept busy from the middle of April till the middle of June.

As the day for Brady's execution drew near, the authorities at Kilmainham found themselves in rather an awkward predicament. There was no standing gallows in the gaol, and there was no person in the gaol who could be entrusted with the unpleasant task of building one. What was to be done? As a last resource a party of engineers from the nearest depot were sent to the prison, and the materials necessary for the erection—purchased as "timber for ordinary prison repairs"—smuggled into the gaol after them. The very site of the gallows had to be kept a profound secret lest the dynamiters, then in their glory, should be too attentive and wreck the prison. Marwood slunk into the building in safety, and remained there for several days.

On the morning of the 14th of May, bodies of soldiers guarded the prison within and without, for in the cherry orchard beneath the rear walls of the grim prison, and on the bridge, dense masses of Irishmen had assembled, and there could be no doubt that Fenians were well represented in the gathering. In fact, some act of violence was anticipated, but fortunately the soldiery sufficed to overawe the crowd.

A. D. McManus, Governor of Kilmainham Prison.

One or two persons were permitted to witness the execution of the first of the Invincibles, and an account of the last sad scene has been presented to the outside world.

Brady had been attentive to the ministrations of the chaplain, as, indeed, were all the Invincibles. He retired to rest early and obtained some sleep of rather a fitful character. Shortly after dawn he rose and began to prepare himself for his fate. After a time spent with the priest, he breakfasted lightly; then he betook himself to the chapel to spend the last moments of his life in prayer. He was particular to ask the prayers of all those confined in the prison, through the chaplain, and seemed comforted when he was assured that they would pray for him.

The gallows was erected in a small yard, just off the exercise yard, and only a short distance from the chapel door. Marwood was in a highly elated condition, rubbing his hands and chatting to the doctor, a young man, and not the regular prison surgeon. Prancing up to him, he opened the conversation with the remark, "The eyes of the whole civilised world are upon us this morning, doctor. This is the grandest execution of the nineteenth century!" Those present were disgusted at his conduct, which was more that of a ghoul than of a human being.

At last the sound of voices was heard, and the head of the

little procession emerged from the chapel. Marwood stepped forward, and with a dramatic gesture flung out his arm to stop the condemned man, in order that he might pinion him.

"Skin-the-Goat" and Joe Mullett.
Snapshot taken as they were walking to the steamboat which took them to America.

By way of adding to his own importance and to the impressiveness of the sad scene, he commenced to explain that the straps which he was using were an invention of his own, and that he had patented them, when he was told to hold his peace and do his work swiftly. He then went on with his dreadful task. A broad belt encircled Brady's waist, attached to which were straps for the wrists, while two longer straps, sewed on to the middle of the back of the belt, were passed round the victim's elbows to truss him up like a fowl. This peculiarly strong method of preparing a culprit for death was occasioned by a fear that the herculean Brady might refuse to be led like a sheep to the shambles, and give a lot of trouble.

While the pinioning was going on, two priests, one on each side of the condemned man, were reading the service for the dead, but Brady seemed to hear nothing, and kept muttering to himself, "Poor ould Ireland! Poor ould Ireland!"

Then the procession continued its mournful progress to the gallows. Arrived at the stone steps which led to the drop, Brady ascended them in a fearless manner, swinging up them, one shoulder forward at a time. Marwood's delight at his horrid task could not be disguised even at the instant he was about to hurl a fellow-creature to eternity. He literally danced round his subject as he adjusted the rope and fitted on the cap. The doctor had descended beneath the drop with his watch in his hand, so as to note how many seconds the pulse beat after death had actually ensued.

Suddenly Marwood stepped to the lever and turned towards his victim. "Now then," he called out, "hold back your head and you'll die easy." At that moment he drew the bolt, and Brady disappeared out of sight. Death was absolutely instantaneous. As the black flag fluttered to the top of the pole, the Irish outside the gaol fell on their knees and prayed for the welfare of the murderer who had just gone to answer for his crimes before another Tribunal.

At the final interview between Brady and his mother, the Spartan Irishwoman exhorted her son not to confess that he was guilty, but to go to his death with a lie on his lips. "If you know anything, Joe," she said, "don't tell it; bring your secret to the grave." Commenting on this, P. J. Tynan wrote, "Joseph Brady was worthy of such a mother; Mrs. Brady deserved such a noble son!" A statement which may be read in two opposite senses. At the same time, we must admit that Brady was the only manly one of the Invincibles, and if he had not been chosen to commit the murders, it is highly probable that the civilised world would never have been shocked by such a dastardly outrage.

Brady had been in his grave four days when Dan Curley followed him to the tomb. Curley was the most alarmed at the near approach of death, and had shrunk into an old man before he passed the scaffold door. His father waited outside the prison to pray for his son. On May 28th Michael Fagan was hanged, Caffrey died on June 2nd, and Timothy Kelley, but a boy of nineteen, expiated his crime on the 9th of that month.

With the exception of Kelley, none of the condemned made any show of bravado, but that youngster, on the eve of his execution, when the governor of the prison happened to enter his cell at the dinner hour, lifted his pot of porter and waved it towards the officer, exclaiming, "Your honour's long life and health."

Of the other conspirators, they served out their terms of imprisonment or died in gaol, always with the exception of the cowardly leaders who fled to the Continent and to America. Tynan and Byrne flourished in the land of the exile, the former publishing an extraordinary book, which appears to be devoted to the double purpose of canonising the murderers and showing how many terms of abuse can be levelled at England and her sons.

"Skin the Goat" was released on ticket-of-leave some couple of years ago, and set off for America with Joe Mullett, trusting to be accorded a great reception by the "Patriots" and their friends, for whose sake he suffered a long term of penal servitude, which he could easily have avoided had the "patriots" not forgotten to send him, or leave him, sufficient money to pay his fare to the retreats to which they had slunk. To his amazement, the "patriots" did not want him. The United States refused to harbour him on its soil, and he was "returned empty," to drag out the remainder of his dishonoured existence as best he can. He must have bitterly repented the day he left the certain food and clothing and shelter of even a convict prison.

And what of the informers? Kavanagh was shipped off to Australia, but when he landed at Sydney, the authorities

refused to receive him, and he was put on board the next boat for England. His mind seems to have weakened under the strain to which he was subjected, and to the fear that the place of his lodging might be known to his enemies, for he

took to drink, and thence found his way into a lunatic asylum, where he perished miserably at the age of twenty-two.

The end of Carey was much more tragic. For a long time the Government did not know what to do with him, and detained him in Kilmainham Gaol, hunting for some place to send him to where his life would be comparatively safe. Eventually it was decided to deport him to South Africa after New Zealand had refused to grant him an asylum.

One dark night he was taken from Kilmainham to Kingstown, in three successive cabs, under a strong escort. As he passed the shop which had been Curley's, he ejaculated, "God rest the soul of Dan Curley!" "Why, you villain," exclaimed the disgusted guardian, "you're after helping to hang him!"

From Kingstown, Carey was sent to Dartmouth, where he was placed on board the "Kinfauns Castle," under the name of Mr. Power. Though it has been denied that the Fenians had any knowledge of the destination of the informer, there is ample to show that they managed somehow or other to discover that Capetown was to be his landing place, and at London an Irishman named O'Donnell took passage on the vessel that was to bear the approver to safety.

Throughout the voyage O'Donnell and "Power" became very friendly, but it was noticed that Carey never was alone with another man, keeping constantly in the most crowded portions of the ship.

Arrived at Capetown, Carey went ashore with a couple of acquaintances, got embroiled in political argument, and expressed some unwise sentiments about England. He only stayed in Capetown for a few hours, and went on board the "Melrose," bound for Natal. Patrick O'Donnell also took a passage by the same ship, so that if he did not know that "Power" and Carey were identical when first he met him on the "Kinfauns Castle," there can be little doubt that he had penetrated his disguise before they reached Capetown.

O'Donnell waited for his opportunity. It came at last. On the afternoon of July, 1883, Carey and O'Donnell happened to be alone together for the first time. Quick as thought Patrick drew his revolver and shot Carey in the throat. Passengers rushed out of their cabins in time to see O'Donnell fire two more shots at Carey, who was rushing to his cabin. The assassin was secured and placed in irons. The informer was taken below and laid on the cabin table, but he did not survive for very long.

On the arrival of the ship at Capetown for O'Donnell to be handed over to the police there, he was cheered on landing by the rebel Irish who had fled to that colony, so that it was thought far from advisable for him to be tried out of England. Accordingly, the prisoner was placed on board the battleship "Athenian" for transference to England.

In due course O'Donnell was brought before the magistrate at Bow Street, committed for trial, and placed in the dock at the Old Bailey. In contradistinction to the fates of the Invincible conspirators, ample funds were raised for the defence of the murderer of Carey, and even an American advocate assisted in preparing the pleadings. The proceedings did not take very long. The facts for the prosecution were so clear that great interest was manifested as to the defence which would be set up. Imagine everybody's astonishment, then, when it was calmly asserted that Carey was shot by O'Donnell in self-defence! The reason for this statement was that it was clear that O'Donnell could not escape, and his revolutionary friends wished to lower the prestige of England and heighten that of the Invincibles by showing that Great Britain could not protect her own agent, for whose safety she had made express preparations in secrecy.

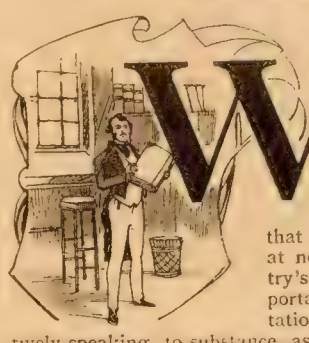
On Saturday, December 1st, 1883, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and O'Donnell was condemned to die, his only remark on the fate in store for him being, "I don't care a damn!"

The people who interested themselves most in O'Donnell after his conviction were the Irish Americans, who waited on the President of the United States, praying him to ask for a reprieve. The American authorities declined to have anything to do with the case, and on Monday morning, December 10, Patrick O'Donnell was duly hanged in Newgate. With him ended the list of executions directly caused by the Invincibles, and in course of time that pernicious body died a natural death. Strong men despised the self-appointed leaders, weak ones were alarmed by the fate of those who had been caught, while wise men saw the absolute futility of a party of hot-headed Irishmen, disunited and fearful of treachery, making war on a power like Great Britain. The only lamentable thing is that the movement which has taught the Irish to be careful ere they stir up internecine war should have cost so many lives.

The Globe Assurance Company Frauds.

THE MAGNIFICENT BUT BRIEF CAREER OF WALTER WATTS.

"An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!"
—SHAKESPEARE, "Merchant of Venice," Act I., Sc. 3.



WE have heard so much in late years of men holding positions of responsibility engaging in crimes of forgery and fraud which have led them to the prison-house, that it forces us to the belief that at no former time in the country's history has so much importance been attached to ostentation, and so little, comparatively speaking, to substance, as during the past decade. If a man lives in a mansion, keeps up a large establishment, a retinue of servants, a stylish equipage, few people care to inquire whether or not he possesses the means, and credit unlimited is at his command, and without question. A man may at any time start as a millionaire, and successfully pose as one—for a time, at least—provided he has a passable address, a fair knowledge of figures, a sufficiency of cool assurance and brazen effrontery, and an aptitude for ringing the changes in matters of finance. And with these he may vie with the richest in expenditure, and possibly even by some grand stroke in the end establish himself in the position he has temporarily assumed. The general class of adventurers have this goal in view when they enter upon their career; but how many of them ever reach it? Some do not wait to make the experiment by the means of extended and unlimited credit, but devise other means to make their mark in the world, and their extravagant and reckless expenditure leads them to crimes which, hidden for a short time, enable them to make an appearance, though finally discovery and exposure shatter the gorgeous fabric which they have reared only to make their fall the more disastrous.

Some fifty years ago there was what may be termed an epidemic of fraud which lasted some ten years, and during that time there were many cases of gigantic swindling, the most celebrated being, perhaps, those on the Globe Assurance Company, the particulars of which we are now about to relate.

It was in the year 1844 that the name of Walter Watts became associated with society. He appeared suddenly, and quickly made his presence felt. Nobody knew where he came from, and what his means were, and whence they were obtained nobody could learn. He spent his money most lavishly, and it was clear that his resources were ample for the gratification of the most expensive tastes. He was a most luxurious man, fond of pleasure in every form, and an ardent disciple of Epicurus. He was a patron of art and science, a keen encourager of sport, and was well known at every theatre in the Metropolis. He had his box at the opera, and the entrée to the private rooms behind the scenes, and addressed the ballet-girls by the affectionate term "dear," though he generously made reparation for his familiarity by expensive suppers after the performance. He was on terms of great intimacy with many dramatic notabilities and prima donnas, and at one time was the proprietor of two London theatres. He had a house in town in the most fashionable quarter of the West End, and he had also a country house at Brighton, and at both of these he entertained his friends and acquaintances in lordly style. He was a connoisseur in wines, and his

cellars were stocked with the most celebrated vintages. He spent much of his time, and, of course, a deal of money, in the company of the fair sex of the class commonly called "fast." His turn-out was unexceptionable, his horses the admiration and the envy of Rotten Row, and his tiger was a perfect model of what a tiger ought to be—small, active, clean-limbed, well-dressed, and perfect in his knowledge of matters "horsey."

But who was Walter Watts? What was he? Whence came his apparently unlimited wealth? It was impossible that he could have "made his pile" at Ballarat or Carson's Creek, for the gold of Australia and California was not then discovered. It was rumoured that he was the possessor of certain State secrets, the knowledge of which enabled him to operate with success on the Stock Exchange. He was frequently seen in the City, but nobody knew for a fact that he had frequent or colossal transactions with jobbers or brokers, nor were there any such extensive dealings in his name as to confirm the rumours that to him had been confided by Sir Robert Peel the intended abolition of the corn laws and the establishment of Free Trade.

It was said, again, that Davis, the leviathan bookmaker, had taken him by the hand and instructed him in the art of "bookmaking," but though he was known in sporting circles, it was not known that he was a member of "Tatt's," or that he speculated largely, either as a backer or a layer, in "the ring." He sometimes visited the betting-houses, and it was whispered that he was a welcome patron of many of them, though the balance of profit and loss in his investments in that direction was certainly to the credit of the owners of those establishments. That he had some sort of occupation in the City was an acknowledged and discovered fact, for as regularly as the dawn came a spruce carriage and pair or a brougham of the most modern make and dainty build, carried him to the City and there deposited him. It was of no use to search the 'London Directory" amongst the lists of the wealthy City merchants or bankers for his name. But the inquisitive seeker after information who made it his business to be in Cornhill or Leadenhall Street when the equipage referred to rolled up, might have observed, if he followed the gentleman who alighted from it for a couple of hundred yards or so, that he entered the Globe Assurance Office. Walter Watts, in fact, was an employé in that respectable establishment—not the managing director or other high official with a salary or fee of £1,000 or £1,500 a year, but an ordinary check-clerk in the cashier's department, with a weekly salary of about £4, having secured the position through the interest of his father, who for nearly forty years had occupied with credit a comparatively subordinate place in the same office.

But £200 per annum certainly would not pay Walter Watts's glove and cigar bills, to say nothing of his town house and his country house, his vehicles and his horses, his opera-box, his banquets, and his many other sources of expenditure, not to mention his theatrical speculations.

But then Walter Watts was a young man of great sagacity, quick conception, and not too great an amount of strict honesty. He soon discovered, by his excellent knowledge of accountancy, that the financial affairs of the Globe Assurance Company were conducted on an unpardonably loose system, and one which his clever mind saw might be easily made instrumental in adding to his pocket-money, and, after a little study and deliberation, he commenced turning it to account. He had access, through his position in the office, to the most important of the books—the cheque-books and the banker's books—and by an artfully-worked method he obtained funds to the extent of £70,000, and it was only by the merest accident that the frauds were discovered, though it is nothing short of marvellous that a clerk with a salary of not more than a fiver a week should have been able to have lived a double life under the very noses of his employers. How he could have kept up his two establishments, how he could have been the proprietor of two London theatres, have driven in the Row and to town every day, and lived in the most expensive style, and at the same time have attended his office daily from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m. without at some time or other being brought into contact with one of his superiors, is more than astonishing. His City life was devoted solely to his office duties, where, during the above-named hours, he was supposed to be engaged in the ordinary routine of official responsibility. His attendance, though punctual, necessitated no hard work; it was merely checking figures which other clerks had written, and which checking, owing to the laxity of the system adopted, was really no check at all, and he, therefore, had more time and opportunity to arrange the prefatory details of those gigantic frauds which he subsequently perpetrated so successfully. He doubtless perfected these by a slow and progressive process, but when small amounts were secured with impunity and confidence gained by the facility with which he arranged his dishonest schemes, he was encouraged to continue the perpetration of frauds which, originally beginning with a hundred pounds, perhaps, eventually ended by amounting to hundreds of thousands.

It was his custom, after leaving the office, to repair to his West-End haunts, and to devote his attention to sporting and other amusements, and finally he launched out as lessee of two theatres—the Marylebone first, and then the well-known "neat, little house" in Wych Street. At one time, indeed, Walter Watts exercised a really important influence over the metropolitan stage, and his connection therewith was the most remarkable part of his career. He knew nothing whatever of the drama, either from a literary or from a practical point of view; but the position of a theatrical manager will always have a fascination for the man who is fond of pleasure and has a taste for magnificence.

He addressed the ballet girl.

Previous to the year 1847 the theatre in Church Street, Marylebone, was one of the most obscure and least patronised places of amusement in London. The edifice itself was large and roomy enough, but the neighbourhood was utterly opposed to prosperity, in the theatrical line at all events. There was a very high class which, when it did patronise the play, visited the principal theatres in private carriages, and there was also a very low class which had no money to spend on the very humblest pleasures. A wealthy middle class, however, was altogether wanting, and to this may be attributed the want of success which marked the career of the Marylebone Theatre.

In the latter part of the year 1847 this theatre was ostentatiously brought before the public by the announcement that it was about to be opened for the performance of the legitimate drama under the management of Mrs. Warner, who, some years before had been associated with Mr. Phelps in the directing of Sadler's Wells Theatre, and the success she achieved there was phenomenal, and it was hoped she would effect the same reform at the Marylebone. This, however, was not to be, and Mrs. Warner resigned her position at the end of her first season, quite convinced that any effort to make the Marylebone a success must be a failure.

But the house still remained open, under the management of Mr. Walter Watts, who was well known as the real tenant of the theatre during Mrs. Warner's rule, but whose name hitherto had not been brought conspicuously before the public. The source of the riches that enabled him to carry on this venture, that to many men would have meant speedy bankruptcy, was a great mystery, and the knowledge that he lived in luxurious style at a house in St. John's Wood, with an occasional residence at Brighton, increased the strangeness of his position. It was known that he was a clerk at some large City office, but this knowledge rather increased than solved the mystery of his wealth, and on this account certain ingenious hypotheses were circulated on the matter. And here intervened, for his special benefit, the gilded report which so long helped to keep up his credit and render his position comparatively secure. It was said he was a fortunate speculator on the Stock Exchange, and also that there was an understanding between him and the French government, which enabled him to receive exclusive information for his guidance. This served him, it was alleged, to have communication with our own government, by which he received hints on special matters, and he made good use of this knowledge. He was also reported to be somewhat successful on the turf, which added to the money made by speculations on the Stock Exchange.

During the season 1848-9, two American artists, Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport, began an engagement at the Marylebone Theatre, where they had been preceded by several English theatrical stars of the first magnitude. Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport made their *début* at the Princess's Theatre, then went to the old Olympic Theatre, and from there to the Marylebone, where the lady attained the greatest success. Walter Watts did all he could to encourage the young and beautiful star. Her dressing-room was fitted up so expensively and elegantly that, as it was situated beneath the stage, it resembled a fairy grotto rather than a small room in a minor theatre; and there, at the conclusion of some successful performance, she would receive visits from ladies and gentlemen of high rank in literature and the arts, and there also, suppers in the most elegant and expensive style were given to a chosen few.

But still the Marylebone did not pay, and Walter Watts was desirous of continuing his theatrical speculations in a more central part of London, and he accordingly took the Olympic Theatre, in Wych Street, which had just been rebuilt in the stead of the old house destroyed by fire. It was Watts' intention to open the Olympic on Boxing Night, December 26, 1849, and the Marylebone kept open till within a few evenings of this date; and then the performances ceased, Watts celebrating his retirement from the theatre by giving a farewell supper and ball on the stage, to which all the company were invited. The brilliancy of this theatre had been the subject of conversation all over London during the year 1849; the only persons who apparently knew nothing about it being the directors of the company by which Walter Watts was employed.

THE ARREST OF WALTER WATTS.

In accordance with the intention of the new lessee, the Olympic Theatre was opened on the 26th of December, 1849, and an address in verse, written for the occasion, was spoken by Mrs. Mowatt. The same style of management that had distinguished the Marylebone Theatre was continued at the Olympic, except that everything here was still more brilliant and luxurious. Works of literary pretensions were produced with exquisite taste; the suppers and other entertainments given to the friends and the known patrons of the theatre were more expensive than ever, and the only people who had any reason to look unfavourably on the new establishment were the rival theatrical managers, who found themselves opposed by an adversary of unbounded liberality, and apparently immense wealth. From the first night of the re-opening, however, the venture was a failure, and the box-openers, who paralysed the patrons of the house by the splendour of their liveries, had very little to do. Novelty after novelty was produced, without one single success being attained. One essential qualification was lacking in the manager, viz., a knowledge of the business in which he had speculated. Even had his money been honestly come by, the constant and heavy

excess of expenditure over receipts must have finally ended in bankruptcy.

Early in the year 1850 a report was circulated in London that abstractions and defalcations had been discovered in one of the large assurance offices.

For a few days the rumour was circulated without assuming any true form, but very soon a short intimation in the City articles of the daily papers announced that the Globe Assurance Company was the institution which had been robbed; that Walter Watts was the discovered delinquent, and that the books would immediately be placed in an accountant's hands for a course of strict investigation. The discovery of the frauds came like a thunderbolt on the members of the theatrical profession. Here, then, was the solution of the mystery of Walter Watts's boundless wealth. The bubble which had glittered so gaudily had burst at last. Only a few days before, a play had been dedicated by its author (a gentleman who ranked high in the literary profession) to Mr. Watts as a probable regenerator of the drama; and now the Crœsus stood before the world a mere vulgar thief!

As soon as the fact of the Globe frauds was made known publicly, the Olympic Theatre was closed, and the select entertainments in Wych Street were discontinued. For some days Watts remained at large, having defied the directors by asserting his position as a shareholder, and referring them to the theatre treasury or to his solicitors if they desired further information. His conduct was very haughty, and when first charged with the crime he boldly declared his innocence, and on being told that his books and papers had been placed under seal, he showed little or no concern. The books were first cursorily searched, and it was quickly evident that large sums of money had been abstracted, and that wholly by the cleverness and expertness of Walter Watts. The directors at once resolved to have him arrested, and he was accordingly brought before the authorities at the Mansion House, charged with having defrauded his employers. There was no moral doubt of his guilt, but there were difficulties in the way of proving him legally guilty, on account of his having destroyed, as far as possible, every trace of the dishonest transactions in which he had so long been engaged. The talent, however, which the directors brought to their assistance helped them through this difficulty, and at length, after several remands, Walter Watts was committed for trial at the next sessions of the Criminal Court.

Whilst the criminal proceedings were pending, the directors of the Globe Company considered it necessary, for many reasons, to institute a thorough investigation into the frauds —the amount of loss they involved, the manner in which they had been accomplished, and the system of bookkeeping under which they had become possible, and by means of which they had been facilitated. They accordingly engaged the services of Mr. J. E. Coleman, one of the most able and eminent accountants in the City of London, and he, after a long and searching investigation of the books and documents of the Globe Company, embodied the information he had received and the conclusions at which he had arrived in two reports. These documents were never published, as it was asserted that they could not serve any useful object, and would only gratify the idle curiosity of disinterested persons, and at the same time bring the management and methods of the office into disrepute by showing an almost culpable absence of ordinary business foresight and vigilance. It was, however, generally understood that the reports embraced not only the results of a most searching inquiry into past occurrences, but a thorough and complete examination into the whole manner of bookkeeping adopted by the office, the ability and the conduct of its officials, and the suggestion of such alterations and improvements in the system of account keeping and management and routine of the office as would afford effective security against the repetition of similar delinquencies or the perpetration of others.

The first report was laid before the board about the end of March, 1850, and is supposed to have been of a merely preliminary character, but it is said that it contained the startling assertions that the stealings during the year 1849 alone amounted to upwards of £18,000; that there was no effective check against fraud in the receipt department of the office, although, owing solely to the integrity of the officials, no fraud had been committed; and that in the accountants' department, in which Watts was employed, the loose practice prevailed of making the bank pass book the sole foundation of the entries in the books of the company, instead of the documents referring to the payments ordered, so that if the person having charge of the pass book chose to falsify it, these false entries were transferred to the general books of the office, and thus made to cover purloinings effected through the bankers.

Walter Watts had taken advantage of this loose practice, and as he had charge of the pass book, he held the "source of supply" to the general books of the company. By its means he was able to carry on for years a systematised scheme of robbery, which, for magnitude and audacity, was, up to that time, unequalled in the history of any public company, though it has since been imitated on more than one occasion with proportionate success.

The second report of Mr. Coleman was presented some two months later, and went narrowly and in detail into the methods Watts had used in his gigantic abstractions, the key to which had only been discovered after the most laborious investigation of all the policies, claims, counterfoils of cheques, dividend warrants, and vouchers of every kind relating to the payments which had been made through the bankers during the period of Watts's connection with the company.

We cannot vouch for the accuracy of the figures, this being impossible in the absence of the official report, but the exceedingly ingenious manner in which Watts schemed to make the loose and unbusiness-like system of checking which prevailed at the office subservient to his dishonest designs may be explained by one single example.

A cheque for, say, £665 10s. 0d., represented as for Annuity No. 9, was drawn and paid by the bankers, and entered by them in the pass book. When this book came into Watts's hands, he erased the 66, thus making the payment appear £5 10s. 0d., and in order to complicate the matter further, he altered the number of the annuity to 95 by adding the figure 5. But, as a matter of fact, no such claim existed against the company at the time as Annuity No. 9, and the payments on Annuity No. 95 having been previously made, a fictitious claim of £5 10s. 0d. appeared in the pass book as paid, in order to provide facilities for covering the abstraction. But the difference of £660 being still left between the payment as it appeared in the pass book and the actual amount paid, Watts had to devise a means of covering the discrepancy in order to avoid detection, and he therefore selected a small fire loss, say of £6 10s. 0d., which had been paid some time before, but which had not yet been passed, and falsified that entry in the pass book also by adding to it the £660, making it appear that £666 10s. 0d. was the amount which had been paid, and thus, by making the total addition of the columns correct, perfecting the fraud.

He also tampered with the dividend account in like manner, falsifying the figures by erasures and additions, as entered in the bank pass book, to the extent of £1,500 on one half year's dividends, which sum he drew and put in his own pocket. It is stated that Mr. Coleman succeeded in tracing abstractions effected in this manner between August, 1844, and February, 1850, when the first discovery of Watts's delinquencies was made, to the enormous amount of nearly £70,000, and that so thoroughly well devised and systematic were his methods, that the cash balance at the bank at the date showed a discrepancy of under £10,000, and a great part of this was temporarily covered by false additions in the pass book, until he should have had an opportunity of altering individual entries that might be suitable for his purpose previous to transferring them permanently to the general books of the company, when he need be in no fear of detection. It was also said by people who had seen the pass book that it presented a mass of erasures and alterations which should, whenever seen by the board of directors, at once have created suspicion and led to detection.

At the Central Criminal Court, before Mr. Baron Alderson and Mr. Justice Creswell, on May 10th, 1850, Walter Watts, aged 33, was indicted for stealing an order for the payment of £1,400, the property of George Carr Glynn, to whom he was servant. The Attorney-General, Mr. Clarkson, Sir J. Bayley, and Mr. Bovill appeared for the prosecution; Mr. Cockburn, Q.C., Mr. Bodkin, and Mr. Bramwell defended the prisoner.

After a long trial the prisoner was found guilty of stealing a piece of paper. Mr. Justice Creswell said he should reserve the point as to the sufficiency of the count—a question for consideration by the Court of Appeal.

The Attorney-General said there were several other indictments against the prisoner, but he should not take any further steps regarding them until the present indictment was formally disposed of by the decision of the judges upon the point of law.

On the 10th July, 1850, Watts was again placed at the bar of the Central Criminal Court to receive sentence upon the conviction of having stolen a piece of paper, the point of law which was raised for the consideration of the judges being, whether the circumstances of the case would legally justify

such a verdict, and the point was decided against the prisoner.

The Attorney-General, who prosecuted, asked for a postponement of sentence, as he wished the judges to read the depositions in the three other indictments against the prisoner, in order that they might be aware of all the circumstances before they passed sentence. His object in making this application was that the public time might be saved, because in one event he might feel himself compelled to proceed with some of the other cases. The judge said he had no objection to postpone passing sentence, and the prisoner was again brought up on July 12, before Mr. Baron Alderson, Mr. Justice Patteson, and Mr. Justice Talfourd.

Mr. Baron Alderson, in passing sentence, said that the prisoner had been tried at the May session of this Court before himself and his brother Creswell, for the offence of robbing to a very great extent the Globe Assurance Company. The offence upon the face of the record appeared to be a very trifling one, but it was perfectly clear that the object of taking away this cheque was to prevent a discovery that he had misappropriated the money which that cheque represented, and that, in point of fact, he had stolen a sum of £1,400 upon this one occasion, and it was very probable that upon other occasions he had stolen a great deal more. The Court would, therefore, pass sentence upon him for what he had really done and not for the particular offence as it appeared upon the record.

The prisoner was then sentenced to be transported for ten years

On Saturday, July 13, the day following this sentence, an inquest was held on the body of Walter Watts, at Newgate. Mr. Cope, the governor of the prison, said the deceased was brought up, on April 10, on two charges for stealing an order for £1,400 and a piece of paper, value 1d. His health was bad when he first came into prison, and he was under the doctor's care and in the infirmary ever since. After receiving his sentence he was taken back into the infirmary. The occurrence happened in the middle of the night, and until a quarter to four o'clock he knew nothing of it, when he was sent for. When he was called he was told that Watts had been dead for some time.

From the evidence of a prisoner who was in the room with deceased, it appears that he went to bed about a quarter to nine, after having taken some medicine, and appeared in his usual spirits. The witness woke at three in the morning and lay awake till four o'clock. He then turned round, and missed Mr. Watts, and, seeing his slippers and boots under his bed, thought something strange was the case, as he knew he had not got up between 3 and 3.45. He called the prisoner next to him and told him his suspicions, and this man at once jumped out of bed and went to the water-closet at the other end of the infirmary. When he opened the door he saw Watts hanging by a piece of rope from the first cross-bar of the window. He called out for a knife, and, whilst they were bringing it, he took hold of deceased's hand and found it quite cold and stiff. An officer brought the knife, and the prisoner held the body up whilst he cut the rope, and he then carried deceased into the infirmary.

Mr. Sewell, the assistant surgeon, said he was summoned to the prison a little before 4 a.m., and found deceased quite dead, and he must have been so for two or three hours previously. There was a mark on the neck. Deceased's face was very much congested, and he had been bleeding from the nose, which were symptoms of death from hanging.

The jury returned a verdict of "Temporary insanity."

No doubt the despondency of that awful afternoon, when he received the sentence of ten years' expatriation and forced labour, decided him on terminating his existence, and the accomplishment of this object in the dead of the night brought to a close the career of this miserable man, the blind victim of unholy passions, which tempted him to the commission of these gigantic frauds.

Providence Did Not Interpose.

JUSTICE MAULE once tried a prisoner at Bristol for robbery with violence, and after the jury had returned a verdict of guilty the prisoner exclaimed excitedly, "May God strike me dead, my lord, if I did it!" The court and spectators were shocked at the man's impiety, more especially as his guilt was proven beyond the shadow of a doubt. The judge looked very serious and paused an unusually long time before speaking. At length, amid breathless silence, he said:

"As Providence has not seen fit to interpose in your case, it now becomes my duty to pronounce upon you the sentence of the law, which is, etc., etc."

Killing for Kindness:

SOME EXTRAORDINARY MOTIVES LEADING TO CRIMES.

THE motives which lead criminals to break the laws are sometimes absolutely inexplicable. One cannot say that they commit crime because they like to, for they detest prison just as much as anybody else, nor are they in want. It is pure freak which forces them to do some deed which ultimately is their ruin. In other cases the culprits have some motive which is absolutely ridiculous.

What are we to say of the gentleman who was brought before one of the Metropolitan magistrates last year and charged with "bilking" the cabman, after driving about the whole day in his hansom. Convicted of the offence, he told the magistrate that he did not want to save money, as he could well afford to pay it, but he thought that he had been overcharged by the cabby fraternity all his life, and he wished to get a little of his own back. Moreover, he gloried in the fact that he was an old offender.

The knife hardly seems the proper means of introduction to a lady whom one wants to marry, yet only a short time ago the female population of Eastbourne was wildly excited at rumours of a highwayman who was in the habit of assaulting and robbing defenceless women on Beachy Head, threatening them with a knife and a huge dagger if they made any resistance. Parties of gentlemen set out to capture the bold robber, but the glory of ridding the place of the pest fell to the coastguardsmen, who fell upon him one dark night when he was out on the prowl.

Brought before the local magistrates, and asked the reason for his extraordinary conduct since he was fairly well-to-do, he told the Bench that he wished to get married! Strange as it may appear, papers found in his possession showed that this was really the motive which impelled him.

Then we have the parson who was desirous of blowing up the stands around St. George's Church, Southwark, because he thought it a desecration for anyone to view the Coronation procession from the vicinity of a sacred building, and who later created a violent disturbance at the Derby by pulling down a bookmaker's banner because it had a red Maltese Cross on it.

A similar desire to purify the world possessed a dowdily-dressed woman in the autumn of 1901, and to give an outlet to her feelings she betook herself to the West-End of London, and proceeded to tear off ladies' hats and fling them into the muddy roads, declaring that finery was an abomination, and feathers a sign of sinfulness. Her despoiling campaign went on for several days, but at last she was trapped, and, when before the "beak," delivered a long tirade on the evil practice of wearing feathers.

A passion for radishes was the plea offered by a New Jersey farmer who was accused of tapping the electric light mains near Borden Town, U.S.A. He managed to divert a vast quantity of electricity to his own fields, though he had no lights set up. As he explained to the judge, he found that a fine meshwork of wire beneath his radish beds made the roots grow better, and when his farm was examined it was found that what he said was perfectly true.

Allmayer, the king of the French swell-mob, stole because he wished to teach the police to catch criminals. He was patriotic, and it grieved him to think that there was any culprit on earth whom the disciples of Vidocq could not capture. At last he was sorrowfully forced to admit that they managed to effect his arrest, though he pleaded that had he not turned honest he would never have been forced to take the journey to Guiana. Detectives sought for him everywhere, but he did not fear them, and even went so far as to visit the police stations and courts in different disguises. On one occasion he broke into a police station and stole a pair of handcuffs, but he was not captured It may possibly have been love of excitement that led him to turn to crime; at any rate, he certainly throve by it.

But the palm for strange motive must be given to a Filipino servant in the employ of Senor Blanco, a Spaniard resident in Manila. One day he was informed that his faithful man was arrested on a charge of conspiring to murder his

master. Blanco asked him how he could find it in his heart to murder him, stating roundly that he did not believe a word of what the accusers said. But he was silenced by the servant, who coolly informed him that he was a member of a band who had sworn to slay every Spaniard in the islands, and that, fearing any other assassin might cause his beloved master unnecessary pain, he had begged as a favour that he might be allowed to kill him, adding that he knew exactly how to effect his death with the least inconvenience to the victim! "Should I not have been an ungrateful wretch to have allowed you to perish by some unknown, cruel, and unskilful hands?" was his pleasant conclusion.

A Little Inheritance.

At the celebrated trial of Horne Tooke, Sir John Scott, who prosecuted as Attorney-General, declared, in undertaking the prosecution, that he had been guided by the dictates of conscience, and expressed his hope that after he had departed this life his children might feel that in leaving them an example of public probity he had left them an inheritance far more precious than any acquisition of property or honour that he could bequeath to them.

In repeating these words, Sir John shed tears, and, to the surprise of the Court, Mitford, the Solicitor-General, wept also.

"What on earth," said a barrister to Horne Tooke, "can Mitford be crying for?"

"At the thought of the little inheritance that poor Scott is likely to leave his children!" was Tooke's witty reply.

The Size of it.

At the Warwick Assizes, in 1883, a man named Jenkins was tried for assault and battery, and a witness for the prosecution gave the following description of the affair:

"Did you see the prisoner throw the stone?"

"I saw a stone, and I'se pretty sure the prisoner throwed it."

"Was it a large stone?"

"I should say it was a largish stone."

"What was its size?"

"I should say a sizeable stone."

"Can't you answer exactly how big it was?"

"Why, as near as I can recollect, it wur something of a stone."

"Can't you compare it to some other object?"

"Why, if I wur to compare it so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump o' chalk."

Saucepan and Sauce.

Mr. Commins was one day worrying a witness in cross-examination at St. George's Hall, in the year 1875, and he wound up with the somewhat coarse remark that she had brass enough in her face to make a saucepan. To which she replied, "And you have sauce enough to fill it."

HOME RUPTURE CURE.

Marvellous Blessing to Those who are Ruptured. Cures Reported That Almost Defy Belief. Thrilling Words from Those Who Recover.

Dr W. S. Rice (Dept. 684), 8 & 9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C., has the distinction of perfectly curing even the most difficult ruptures of long standing. He does this without causing the patient one bit of pain, absolutely without danger, and also without the loss of a moment's time from the daily occupation. He uses no knife, and sends his method and treatment direct to the sufferer's home, where it can be used without assistance, and brings immediate comfort and relief. Dr. Rice has cured hundreds of old men who had been ruptured 30 and 40 years. Never before has anyone ever received such letters of testimony, for never before has there been such a certain cure for rupture. Mr. James Gedney, 167, Brickyard Jumps, Barnsley, Yorks., is one of the men whom Dr. Rice has restored to perfect health. Mr. Gedney says: "After suffering 13 years I can safely say I am cured of a rupture which I had been led to believe was incurable. I am glad I sent for your home method of treatment. I have seen no signs of the rupture, nor felt any of those pains I used to have since using your method. I am glad to recommend it to others." It will pay anyone who is ruptured to write to Dr. Rice for a copy of his book, and a sample of his method, which he sends free to all. Investigate fully his method of cure. Do this at once. Don't delay in a matter of such importance. Write to-day. Now is your opportunity. Thousands of cases have been cured.

Mr. JAMES GEDNEY.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

Graeme, the Galloway Outlaw.

The dreadful scenes of lawless outrage of which the Scotch and English borders were the unhappy theatre in ancient times have often been the theme of the historian. These deadly feuds, which often arose from the slightest causes, raged from the time of Stephen to the union of the two crowns in the person of King James. The people of the English borders, in common with those of Scotland, were in those days nothing less than clans of lawless banditti who were engaged in predatory excursions.

It was not, however, with the English borderers alone that the Scotch clans were always at war. Deadly quarrels often arose among themselves, which were not quelled during a lapse of centuries; and the noise of these contentions often reached the ear of Royalty itself. It was only on occasions of general warfare between the monarchs of the contending nations of England and Scotland that these ancient feuds were laid aside, when the chieftain of each opposing clan, forgetting their former deadly enmity, joined the common cause against their hostile foe.

In the expeditions and inroads which these opposing clans made on each other's domains, they were often assisted by the freebooters of the forests, who, for trifling rewards, lent their assistance, and by their blood-thirsty deeds and daring courage often turned the tide of fortune in favour of those by whom they were engaged. The vengeance of these bandits wherever they met with opposition was sure and rapid, and woe to the man on whom that vengeance fell!

The history of Galloway gives an account of the barbarous revenge of a ruffian named Graeme, who was a celebrated freebooter of that section of Scotland, and of whom many acts of bloody cruelty too gross to be mentioned are on record.

In an excursion this outlaw once made to plunder the lands of Gordon, of Muirfad, he met with a crushing defeat; for the old laird, aware of his intentions, had collected a body of his friends and dependents together, and, these being placed in ambush, Graeme was taken completely by surprise, a number of his gang killed, and himself seriously wounded. Stung with rage and shame at being thus foiled where he did not expect even resistance, he vowed a deadly vengeance; nor was it long protracted, for, watching his opportunity, he appeared so suddenly before the castle, with a strong force, that those within were taken quite by surprise and unprepared. What they could do they did; they secured the gates, or rather doors, for it never could have been a place capable of making much resistance. Graeme demanded admission, uttering the most dreadful threats in case of a refusal.

Gordon, sensible of his own weakness, was desirous of entering into some compromise with the robbers, and for that purpose solicited a parley at the door, against which Graeme had by this time piled up faggots and brushwood, for the purpose of setting it on fire. A sum of money, in the meantime, and a future annuity, by way of blackmail, for protection, or rather forbearance, were the terms agreed on.

The arrangements having been finally made, Graeme observed that they might as well part friends, and, advancing to the grated window in the centre of the door through which they had carried on their negotiations, and having received the stipulated sum, he held out his hand at parting. As this was a piece of courtesy which could not be declined with safety, the proffered symbol of friendship was accepted. No sooner, however, were their hands joined than Graeme, throwing a noose over the other's wrist, pulled with all his strength, till an iron staple was driven into the wall, to which he fastened the end of the chain, and, instantly setting fire to the pile, burnt him alive behind his door, the castle and all it contained being destroyed.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

W. Thomson (Glasgow).—Certainly a convict can be kept in prison for more than twenty years. The release of prisoners sentenced to penal servitude for life after twenty years in gaol is dependent on their good behaviour, and is only a favour, not a right.

A Constant Reader.—If the wife were not hanged for the murder of her husband, she would certainly receive the legacy he left her when she was set at liberty. The inheritance became hers the moment her victim died, and now there is no law confiscating the goods of a felon. In olden times all the property of a person convicted of felony revert d to the Crown.

£10 STARTS A BUSINESS

Those about to commence business as Tobacconists, Stationers, Confectioners, Bazaar, Toy or Fancy Goods Dealers should send for **Fraenkel's Illustrated Guide for Shopand Store Keepers at Home and Abroad**, which contains valuable information and advice, together with lowest wholesale prices. Post free two stamps.

(F.C. Dept.) **FRAENKEL BROS.,**
'Empire House,' 129, 130 & 130a, Houndsditch, London.
The Largest and Cheapest House.

"STRENGTH."

HOW LOST, HOW REGAINED.

Interesting and Instructive remarks to men. A brief treatise on Weakness in Men. Sent on receipt of Four Penny Stamps. Address:

CHARLES GORDON,
No. 4, Gordonholme Dispensary,
BRADFORD, Yorks.

MOUSTACHE.

A Beautiful MOUSTACHE grows in a few days when using **Dalmet's Pomatum.** Tried, approved; recommended to all. Send 6d. in stamps for a box to Mr. T. DALMET, 42, Gray's Inn Road, London.

READ

DAINTY NOVELS

Every Wednesday. One Penny.

Raphael Tuck's

CHRISTMAS CLUSTER

20 Choice Christmas Cards. All different and New, for 3 stamps.
OBTAIN THESE AT ONCE. SOLD OUT LAST SEASON.

Cluster de Luxe. 40 Handsome Cards, 1/-

SEND YOUR LITTLE FRIEND SOMETHING!

BIG BOX OF 12 TOYS
(ALL DIFFERENT)

Lovely Large Boxed Handsomely Dressed Doll
Forwarded direct, carriage free, 12 stamps either.
Comic Mechanical of Chamberlain Speaking on the Fiscal Policy, 12 stamps.

Tuck's Picture Postcards.

New Style. Richly Coloured by Raphael Tuck, &c.
24 Humorous, Artistic, Sentimental, 1/6; Sample Set, 6 stamps.

Spell Easy New Dictionary. Massive Vol. of References, 775 pages, 550 Illustrations, 15 stamps.
Art Stationery.
Sweetly Prettily Kecobit Boxes of Fancy Floral Note and ENVELOPES. Scented, 12 or 6 stamps; Unscented, 3 stamps.

T.B.L. King's Premises, Savoy Corner, Strand.

The Most Wonderful Christmas Number in the World

IS *SMART NOVELS,*

Published THIS DAY.

An Extra Long Complete Novel,

"THE FORBIDDEN PATH,"

A Realistic Love Story, Daring, Original, and Intensely Interesting.

A Christmas Ghost Story,

A Weird Legend, Thrilling, Dreadful, Awe-inspiring, Founded upon Fact.

How to be Lucky at Christmas,

A Bright Little Gossip on Superstition, and finally, with Every Number

SIX Christmas Post Cards GIVEN AWAY!

Rheumatism AND Gout.

A SAFE & SPEEDY CURE.

Immediate Relief.

SAVORY'S

Rheumatic and Gout Cure has stood the test of time. Thousands of people of all classes, from the highest to the lowest in the land, have found relief by taking this wonderful medicine.

Remember that the cost of testing the medicine is only 1/1½. It cannot do you any harm, but will bring immediate relief.

If you had tried Savory's Rheumatic and Gout Remedy you would not trouble to read this announcement. Those who have been fortunate enough to take this medicine do not require to bother about anything else to relieve or cure them of this distressing ailment.

The cause of rheumatism is an excess of uric acid in the blood, brought about by damp, chills, excess of alcohol, overfeeding, and is frequently hereditary. It would take too much space to go fully into this interesting subject here. This medicine is no new-fangled idea from America, or some other far-off country, but a good old reliable English medicine, sold at a reasonable price. It can be obtained at any chemist's, or if any difficulty is found in obtaining it, send direct to the sole Proprietors. Price 1/1½ and 2/9, post free, to any address in the Kingdom.

C. SAVORY & CO.,

12, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

SAVORY'S
RHEUMATIC
AND
GOUT CURE.

A SAFE AND SPEEDY REMEDY.
GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF.
Of all Chemists,
1/1½ and 2/9.

If any difficulty is found in obtaining the medicine, send direct to the sole Proprietors P.O. for 1s. 1½d, or 2s. 9d., when you will receive the medicine by return of post.

C. SAVORY & CO,
Sole Proprietors,
12, WINE OFFICE COURT,
Fleet St., LONDON, E.C.

Printed and Published by HAROLD FURNISS, at Caxton House, Gough Square, Fleet Street, London.

Sole Agents for the Colonies—Gordon & Gotch, London; Melbourne; Sydney; Brisbane; Perth, W.A.; Wellington, N.Z.; Christchurch, N.Z.; Cape Town & Durban, S.A.